

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXII.—No. 827.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1912.

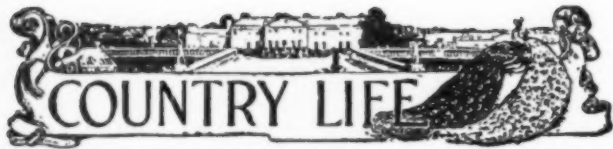
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[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



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LADY CHURSTON AND HER CHILDREN.

35, Old Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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\*.\* With this number of COUNTRY LIFE is published an Illustrated Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympia Motor Exhibition, and including a table giving the mechanical details of the cars exhibited.

## THE HORRORS OF WAR.

HISTORY in the making very often goes only half observed. Not only is a lapse of time necessary to enable us to gauge the relative importance of events, but the facts themselves are at first obscure and difficult to realise. In the case of far-off things and battles long ago, we attribute the obscurity to the paucity of the resources of the time. It has been our boast that in the present age life is lived under a glaring light, so that all things are apparent. The war now going on in the Balkans shows that we are too boastful about the progress that has been made. From the first the doings of the armies have been shrouded in a mystery as great as that which must have enveloped Rome when Julius Caesar was conducting his campaigns in Gaul and Britain. Undoubtedly we have means of communication unknown to the elders, but they were promptly gagged by the military authorities and, for at least a fortnight out of the few weeks during which the war has been continued, we were permitted only to have the merest peeps at the drama of the Near East. It is true that the air was throbbing with the excitement of knowing that the greatest war of modern

times was proceeding. The little nationalities struggling to be free, in Mr. Gladstone's well-remembered phrase, showed themselves armed to the teeth, and not only armed, but steeped in the best military science of the day. They have carried out their operations with a precision and thoroughness which must evoke general admiration. On the other hand, the Turk, although able to bring legions as numerous as his enemies into the field, showed himself now, as ever, of a lethargic disposition. Add corruption and we find nowhere wider scope than in the commissariat and equipment of an army.

We are in no position to throw stones at our neighbours, for in spite of all the inspecting and watching that went on, our purveyors in South Africa did not, to put it mildly, prove that they were all scrupulously honest. In Turkey it is evident that corruption had done its worst. The unfortunate soldiers who, in the words of one correspondent, "sauntered" into battle and when they were defeated "sauntered" away into retreat are worthy of the deepest commiseration. They had to defend forts which no doubt were devised by competent German engineers, but were built by fraudulent contractors, and therefore had only the appearance of defences. Their guns do not seem to have been so bad, but the ammunition was insufficient and defective, and, worst of all, there was no Lord Kitchener to ensure that the soldiers should be properly fed during the campaign. There was also a great lack of officers, especially of skilled and experienced officers. The Turks are a brave race, who have inherited traditions of fighting from the most remote ancestry; but there are no soldiers in the world who, placed in such conditions as we have described, could be induced to stand against modern weapons. In fact, as the war correspondents begin to get their communications through, and the acts of the drama get unfolded in all their horrible and primitive cruelty, we see that the conditions were such as to accentuate all that is worst in modern warfare. Our own experience in South Africa was that, with skilled leadership on both sides, the amount of bloodshed was actually less in modern warfare than it used to be when knights and soldiers fought hand-to-hand in the stricken field. Even in the Russo-Japanese War there was nothing like the slaughter that would have occurred if armies of equal size had met under the old conditions. The art of defence more than keeps pace with that of attack. But in the Near East, where the armies of the Allies have been trained to the most effective use of modern weapons and the army of the Sultan was ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-equipped, it was inevitable that scenes of butchery should be produced. Europe has seen nothing like it since the days of Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow. Nor has the slaughter been confined to one side. It is equally sad to hear of the ardent and splendid Bulgarians being mowed down as it is to read the ghastly accounts of the Turkish retreat. The war seems indeed a mockery of modern refinement and civilisation. Science and savagery have joined hands in the battle. One army pours into the ranks of another a ghastly rain of shrapnel, the other replies; and after an exchange of these civilities, the Bulgarians attack with the bayonet as our own soldiers have so often done. The lust of blood is excited to its highest pitch; and war in the twentieth century is discovered to be just as savage and cruel as it was in the days of Hannibal and Pompey.

That is the dark side; but if warfare brings out all that is worst in human nature, it also develops whatever there is of the hero in the soldier. In supreme moments it is the distinction of true soldiers that they become utterly selfless. We read of half-a-dozen Bulgarians shot as spies and dying with a smile on their lips as if they recognised, as no doubt they did, how sweet and noble a thing it is for a man to lay down his life for the common weal. We have stories of the Turks, when hope was gone and the cowardly were flying, standing with folded arms beside guns for which they had no more ammunition, and in this attitude accepting death as it was meted out to them by the shells and bullets of their foes. Many a gallant charge and many a stubborn defence, even in the course of this disastrous campaign, show that the Turk has in him the right stuff for making soldiers out of.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Churston and her two children. Lady Churston is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smither and married Lord Churston in 1907.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

FROM the agricultural returns showing the produce of crops in 1912 we are able to form some idea of the losses which farmers have incurred owing to the unfavourable weather of the past year. The average yield per acre of wheat is nearly four bushels below what it was in 1911 and three bushels below the average of ten years. This decrease holds good, though not to the same extent, for barley, oats and peas, though the case is not so bad with regard to beans. The hay shows a greater bulk, but the statistics do not show what is the undoubted fact—that the quality is very poor indeed. An instructive note about the hay accompanies the figures. It is to the effect that the crop is much larger in bulk than last year, but that from clover and rotation grasses it is, nevertheless, three and a-half hundredweights below the average. Meadow hay is the only one of the seven crops now reported on, which shows a yield above the average, although the excess is not more than five-sixths of a hundredweight. These figures reflect accurately the losses of which farmers have to complain; they will long remember 1912 as a very bad year for their calling.

Those who were interested in Dr. Shipley's clear account of the heather beetle which appeared in our issue of October 19th, 1912, will like to know that the *Scottish Naturalist* for November contains a note on the food of the common pheasant which has a direct bearing on the matter. It is written by Mr. Grimshaw of the Royal Scottish Museum, to whom Mr. A. S. Leslie of the Grouse Disease Enquiry sent the crop of a common cock pheasant shot near Dunach by Mr. H. L. Macdonald, who gave the information that "the bird was killed about 800ft. above sea-level and far from all crops, and there are a number of pheasants on the hill. This year the beetle has done very considerable damage to the heather on this estate." The crop contained, in addition to vegetable remains, about 2,800 specimens of insects, of which 508 were of the heather beetle. Mr. Grimshaw, after printing these astonishing figures, says: "I think we may fairly claim that the pheasant is likely to be of use in the checking of the ravages caused by the heather beetle."

Shorthorn-breeders in this country would be more than human if they read without a certain amount of vexation the accounts which from time to time are forwarded of the extraordinary prices realised by British-bred cattle in the Argentine Republic. They afford indisputable evidence that, were the restrictions removed, there would be a strong demand for British-bred pedigree shorthorns in the Argentine. At one of the most recent sales in Buenos Ayres, that of Mr. George Campbell of Bieldside, Aberdeenshire, the splendid average of £972 13s. 6d. was obtained for eight bulls, and £229 10s. for eleven cows and heifers. The highest price, £3,144, was obtained for the two year old bull Sunbeam's Pride, by Pride of Avon. This bull was bred by Mr. McWilliam and sold to Mr. Campbell at the Perth Spring Sale in February last for 130 guineas. The next highest figure, £1,746 13s. 4d., was reached for Scottish Crest, purchased at Perth in February for 86 guineas. It was bred by Mr. Dron, Crieffvechter. As we have said, the moral is that the Argentine is hungry for pure-bred shorthorns, and the sooner these islands are entirely rid of the foot-and-mouth disease the better it will be for breeders.

The numerous collections of Orchids exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's show on Tuesday last, when a special orchid show was held, came as a surprise to those who have too long regarded these plants as difficult and expensive to cultivate. Although it is only about forty years since the first artificial hybrid was raised in this country, there are now thousands of such hybrids available, and it is undoubtedly largely due to these that orchids now occupy so prominent a place in our gardens. Although all the exhibits were of excellent quality, the collection staged by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Holford calls for special mention. It was a bold venture to arrange the magnificent plants of *Vanda cærulea*, with their long, pendulous sprays of sky blue flowers, with the yellow sprays of *Oncidium varicosum* Rogersii, but so carefully was the blending done that perfect harmony was obtained. The variety of *Vanda cærulea* named Lady Holford was of considerable interest, the flowers being much larger and richer in colour than those of the type, and demonstrating the lines on which progress is being made.

In Parliament on Monday afternoon Mr. Carr-Gomm asked the very pertinent question, "Is it not a fact that the traffic of London is controlled under an Act fifty years old which was framed to deal with traffic of an entirely different nature?" Mr. McKenna's reply was in the affirmative. The question arose out of the answer to another one. Mr. Kellaway had asked the Home Secretary if he would say how many persons were killed by motor-omnibuses in London during October. The answer was fifteen. On the streets, then, we have a death-roll that is large and increasing, yet the traffic in London, which is now very largely made up of mechanically-propelled vehicles, is governed by a law that was drawn up when only horse-drawn vehicles were in use upon our roads. This is a state of things that ought to be remedied at once. The safety of pedestrians on the streets of London is a very much more important matter than many of the more or less theoretical grievances which Members of Parliament are called upon to occupy their time in remedying. Here is a very pressing question that ought to receive immediate and adequate attention.

### A SONG.

(From the Balkans.)

Sunset steals along the fort,  
Wanders up the street,  
To the well beneath the trees  
Where we meet.  
Gleam the copper water-jars,  
Yet unfilled, beside us;  
Sunset passes: then the stars  
Pierce the shades that hide us.  
*Like flashing lights from Michael's brand*  
*They gem the sword in my Love's hand!*

Southward shines a redder fire.  
Leave the old well stone  
Where we met in summer days  
That are gone!  
Leave the creaking wheel and slow,  
He will turn no more—  
Let him take his blade and go  
Southward to the war!  
*North the night and south the light,*  
*And a sword hastening to the fight!*

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD

There is nothing like leather, and the International Shoe and Leather Fair held this week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, affords a striking proof of the indomitable energy of English manufacturers. There are few trades which labour against greater difficulties than do the followers of St. Crispin in this country. Their customers are to a large extent consumers of meat which is imported in a dead state from abroad. This means that the hides are left in the country from which the meat is purchased. At one time, say, fifteen or twenty years ago, it was thought that this handicap was overwhelming; but in spite of it the shoemakers have gone on prospering. They have not only repelled the foreign invasion which at one time threatened to inundate this country with cheap footwear, but have established a growing foreign trade. The exports to foreign countries and the Colonies in 1907 totalled £2,040,554, and in 1911 £3,354,691. It is very curious to note that a growing quantity of British-made boots goes to France, the value of the export to that country being over £300,000 in 1911. The same year witnessed a large expansion in the exportation of boots to Belgium. At the Fair itself the British



manufacturers showed boots that gave a wonderful impression of comfort and durability combined with far greater beauty in appearance than characterised the older style of boot worn in this country.

As was generally expected, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, Democratic candidate, has been elected President of the United States, after one of the most extraordinary contests on record. It will ever be remarkable for the break-away of ex-President Roosevelt, who in the course of a short campaign has succeeded in constructing a new party. He loves the limelight, and fate on this occasion played into his hands, a cowardly attempt to assassinate him having the usual effect of widening the circle of his friends. But all his energy, even when reinforced in this unexpected and undesirable manner, failed to stop the progress of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who is the first Democratic President since the time of Mr. Grover Cleveland, who held office from 1893 to 1897. The people of the United States seem to have thoroughly enjoyed the election, and the day on which it took place was made a holiday in New York. The crowds who promenade the streets seem to have been animated more by the spirit of merriment than of bitter partisanship. Indeed, it is noteworthy that, though many lurid adjectives have gone hurtling through the air during the contest, they cannot be taken as an indication of the prevalence of exceptionally bitter feeling. It looks as though the people of the United States, now that the battle is over, will settle down to work with as much harmony as could be expected.

At the seventy-third annual dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, presided over by Sir Frank Newnes on Monday night, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with the skill, lightness and precision of a trained novelist, drew a pen-portrait of George Meredith which delighted the audience. There was first the appearance of the sage of Box Hill dressed in a grey suit and a red tie, singing in a loud voice like some grand old Viking welcoming a guest. He had come from his favourite relaxation of walking on the Dorking hills. Then there was the cautious enquiry of the *bon viveur* who is apparent in the novels: "If I have a bottle of choice wine out of my cellar will you undertake to drink it all?" We can understand his exasperation at people who, coming to see him, drank a single glass out of a bottle and left the rest to be wasted. And these were but the trivial characteristics of a man intrinsically great. Sir Conan Doyle found that in conversation his wit took the form which critics have designated obscurity, and beneath the wit and beneath the delight in good living, and beneath the singing and the walking and the talking, there was a soul enfranchised from every formulated creed, but reverent in the highest degree, and, in the true sense of the word, pious. A Radical, who believed in his country and in the necessity for defending it, one who claimed freedom of thought, and yet trusted to the efficacy of prayer—it was a graphic picture of one of the great men of the world.

The Continental wood-pigeons have begun to come over. It was certain that they would. It is also certain that those which have already arrived at the time of writing are as nothing to the vast armies that will quickly follow them. For one thing, it is a year of a very heavy beech-mast crop, which is always an attraction to them, and for another reason is that they are forming a habit of paying us an annual visit, which the farmer has begun to look upon as a very expensive form of hospitality forced upon him. There is much beech-mast this year, but there are hardly any acorns, and it is always found that when these wild fruits fail, the pigeons turn their attention to the farm produce. That is what is nearly sure to happen this year unless strong and united measures are taken to kill the pigeons. May we, without a hint of disrespect to the Board of Agriculture, be allowed to suggest that any steps that may be taken to this end—and it is to this department of the Government that we look to inaugurate such measures—be put into action in good time, before much of the damage is done, and also that they be extended simultaneously over a large area of the country? Thus, and thus only, can they be fairly effective.

By the death of Dr. James Gairdner an end is made of the brilliant school of historians which distinguished the latter half of the nineteenth century. He occupied a high place beside Froude, Freeman, Stubbs, J. R. Green and Lecky. He came of a good Scottish house, and his mother, Susanna Tennant, was granddaughter of a minister of Ayr who figures in the poems of Burns. Dr. Gairdner was not only a great historian, but one of the kindest and most helpful of men.

To the flora of Northern and Western China and Thibet we owe many of the new and beautiful hardy shrubs, herbaceous and

alpine plants that now find a home in our gardens; but in the enjoyment of these we are apt to overlook the dangers and difficulties that beset those who undertake to collect seeds or roots of these rare species in their native haunts. That these dangers are very real and of a varied character was set forth clearly by Mr. Kingdon Ward in his lecture to the members of the Horticultural Club on the evening of Tuesday last. Mr. Ward not long since returned from a plant-collecting trip in China and Thibet, and returns there in January next on a similar expedition. The many lantern slides with which the lecture was illustrated depicted vividly the rocky mountain fastnesses on the one hand and raging torrents and tropical forests on the other, all of which the collector has to overcome in his search for the new and beautiful plants which abound in these hitherto unexplored regions.

The action won by Mr. Gibson Bowles against the Bank of England, which in this case stands for the Government re-establishes a very sound principle in English law. This is that the citizen cannot be legally taxed except through the formal work of his representatives; that is to say, by an Act of Parliament. The Bank of England therefore was wrong in deducting Income Tax from dividends on the authority of a mere resolution in the House of Commons. Sir Rufus Isaacs with all his cleverness, could not make any satisfactory answer to this contention. Originally, the clause was inserted in the Bill of Rights to protect the people from arbitrary taxation by the Crown, and the test case won by Mr. Gibson Bowles shows that however large a Parliamentary majority may be it is bound to observe the same law. The practical result is that in future no Government will be able to afford to follow the bad precedent of delaying the passage of the Finance Act until late in the session. We may expect that it will in future be carried through the House before the end of April.

#### BEAGLING.

What bonnier beggars than beagles, to hunt,  
Stay with them who may when they start: "low low."  
Ay, your heart is a-head with the music in front,  
But the body's a-back of it, bearing the brunt,  
And it's bravely you step it, and sadly you grunt  
As your body flies after your heart.

EDGAR NEWGASS

It is to be regretted that Dr. Lillias Hamilton's recent observations in regard to the prospects of gardening as a profession for ladies should have been dwelt upon and exaggerated. From reading some of the papers it would almost appear as though an annual income of £1,000 could be made by any woman devoting herself to gardening. Language of this kind can only lead to disappointment and disillusionment. It is much better for those who are entering the profession to do so with a fair and reasonable expectation. But on the other hand the number of women who have taken to horticulture has considerably increased during the past few years, as experience has shown that two friends working together, if they are clever and industrious, can make a respectable income by cultivating flowers and the lighter kinds of vegetable. Even such partnerships do not always succeed, however. We are in a position to know of many who have come to grief. Probably a large number take up the calling without any special qualification for it. Students from the various horticultural colleges for women do not seem to find much difficulty in obtaining employment, and the wages they receive compare not unfavourably with those of women in other professions. The majority of garden owners would, however, think twice before paying £2 a week or more for a woman gardener. The real attraction of the profession is that its pursuit to those cut out for it yields more pleasure and better health than most other occupations. Gardeners as a class are the longest lived of those recorded in the Census.

It is likely that the Feast of St. Martin, or Martinmas, which happens on November 11th, passes with no great notice paid to it by the majority of us to-day. It was far otherwise in the time of our forefathers, when this was the great date for the slaughtering of "beeves, sheep and hogs" for the winter supply. Their Martinmas, it is true, was at a date that differed on the calendar by thirteen days from ours, seeing that from 1900 till 2100 thirteen is the number of days' difference between the "new style," as we term it, and the "old style" which prevailed up to 1750. It is not very easy perhaps for us to realise the change in our lives that has been brought about since it has become no longer necessary to kill our "Martinmas beef." At that time there was scarcely any provision made for the winter feeding of stock—no hay to speak of and no



artificial cattle food. The "pannage" of beech mast and acorns, on which the hogs depended largely, was all eaten up by Martinmas, and the "pannage months," as they were called under the old forest laws, were over. Only so much of the domestic stock was kept as was absolutely needed for breeding purposes. The rest was killed off and salted down.

The impossibility of getting fresh meat from the domestic stock in winter in the old days throws some light, and a certain measure of justification, on what we are still obliged to deem the very savage severity of the laws for the preservation of game. In the code, of rather doubtful authenticity, attributed to Canute and quoted in Manwood's Forest Laws, we find that "if a free or unfree man shall kill any beast of the Forest, he shall pay for the first double, for the second as much, and the third time shall forfeit as much as he is worth to the King."

The penalties for the hunting or death of a royal beast, "which the English call a staggon," were far more severe; for hunting such a stag and making it to pant merely, the freeman lost his "natural liberty" for one year, the unfree man for two; "but if a bondman do the like he shall be reckoned an outlaw (what the English call a friendless man)." "But," the next clause says, "if any of them shall kill such a royal beast, the freeman shall lose his freedom, the other his liberty, and the bondman his life." It was not till the *Charta de Foresta* of Henry III. that it was ordained "No man henceforth shall lose either life or a member for killing our deer, but if any man be taken therewith, and be convicted for taking our venison, he shall make grievous fine," etc. It is possible that the owner of deer to-day might be disposed, if he could, to exact "grievous fine" from the man who took from him his only chance of fresh meat all through the winter.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE FARNE ISLANDS. — I.

THERE is a story told of an old woman who, after a lifetime lived in the London slums, was one day taken to the sea. After gazing in silent awe at the vast expanse of water, she suddenly ejaculated: "Thank God I've seen enough of *something*." Hitherto it has been my lot to watch one pair of birds at a time, and generally through a tiny peephole in my tent; therefore, when I found myself deposited upon a rock and left alone amidst its teeming population of birds, something of the old woman's bewilderment and immense satisfaction filled my soul. Everything was ideal on that July morning. We left my headquarters on Holy Island at 10 a.m. in a little twenty-foot sailing boat which sped over the waters with a fair wind, so that the six-mile journey was accomplished in about an hour. There was no evidence that day of the spirit that lay dormant within her; nor of the way in which she could plunge and fret, or rear and shiver when rough winds and contrary currents chafed her.

With time came fuller knowledge, but never any decrease of respect for the gallant little boat and her skilful, cheery skipper, Jack Lilburn. Everything went well that day, for I had not then committed the awful crime which later on roused the wrath of the sailors' avenging deities! Except that now and again a few solitary birds hurried past us in a business-like fashion, there was little to show that we were in the vicinity of large colonies of seafowl. In fact, the rocks looked so quiet and lonely that as we neared the islands I asked, "But where are the birds?" It was not till we had run our little boat into a sheltered corner and actually landed that the great numbers of birds breeding there were manifest. But as we scrambled up the slippery slopes a great cloud



E. L. Turner.

IN FLIGHT.

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## FLYING PUFFINS.

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of lesser black-backed gulls rose from the ground, and the air resounded with their resentful screams. Every now and again one more courageous than his fellows would swoop down with angry "What, what," and brush our hats with his wings. But as we walked slowly on the birds in our wake immediately settled down on their nests. Every inch of the way was disputed in this manner, while curses dogged our footsteps. However, there did not seem to be any real malice underlying all this wrath, for as soon as we sat down quietly and waited these big handsome gulls would either brood contentedly or stalk round inspecting the intruder at a respectful distance. I really owe a handsome apology to one lesser black-backed gull because I sat for nearly two hours on a stone beneath which her eggs reposed in the nest, during which time she stood quite still a few feet away, patient and scarcely complaining, merely uttering a gentle "Wow, wow" every little while, and eyeing me in a critical manner, so that I could not help thinking what a very nice, tame gull she was. I wonder what her real opinion of me had been all the time! They may be bullies, but these freebooters of the bird world are wonderfully beautiful in repose; there is such a suggestion of restrained force in their statuesque attitudes, whereas, on the wing, they are

the very incarnation of power, allied with inimitable grace. On that first morning I just simply ran amok with my camera, or, rather, cameras; there were four of them! "You seem a bit crazy," was the laconic remark of my companion, who meanwhile sunned herself against a wall. I indignantly denied this accusation, but owned to feeling like a school-boy set down to a table loaded with all the good things he had ever desired, and not knowing which to attack first. There were gulls, puffins, guillemots, terns—all waiting to be photographed; eider-duck stored away in odd corners; cheerful and aggressive rock pipits; solemn, upstanding cormorants and confiding kittiwakes. Birds at work, birds at play; young birds investigating life, still younger birds feebly rapping at the Gate of Life, and everywhere the great mysterious spirit of motherhood brooding over these isolated, surf-beaten islands. So, on that first morning, I just ran riot among this wealth of bird-life, and blazed away every plate; then rested and drank in great draughts of the wonderful beauty of it all: Stretches of bare rock alternating with starry patches of sea-campion, undulating expanses of pink thrift, hidden rock-pools filled with strange forms of life, a gently-rising upland covered with fine, springy turf and riddled with holes, the entrance to each of which was guarded by a solemn



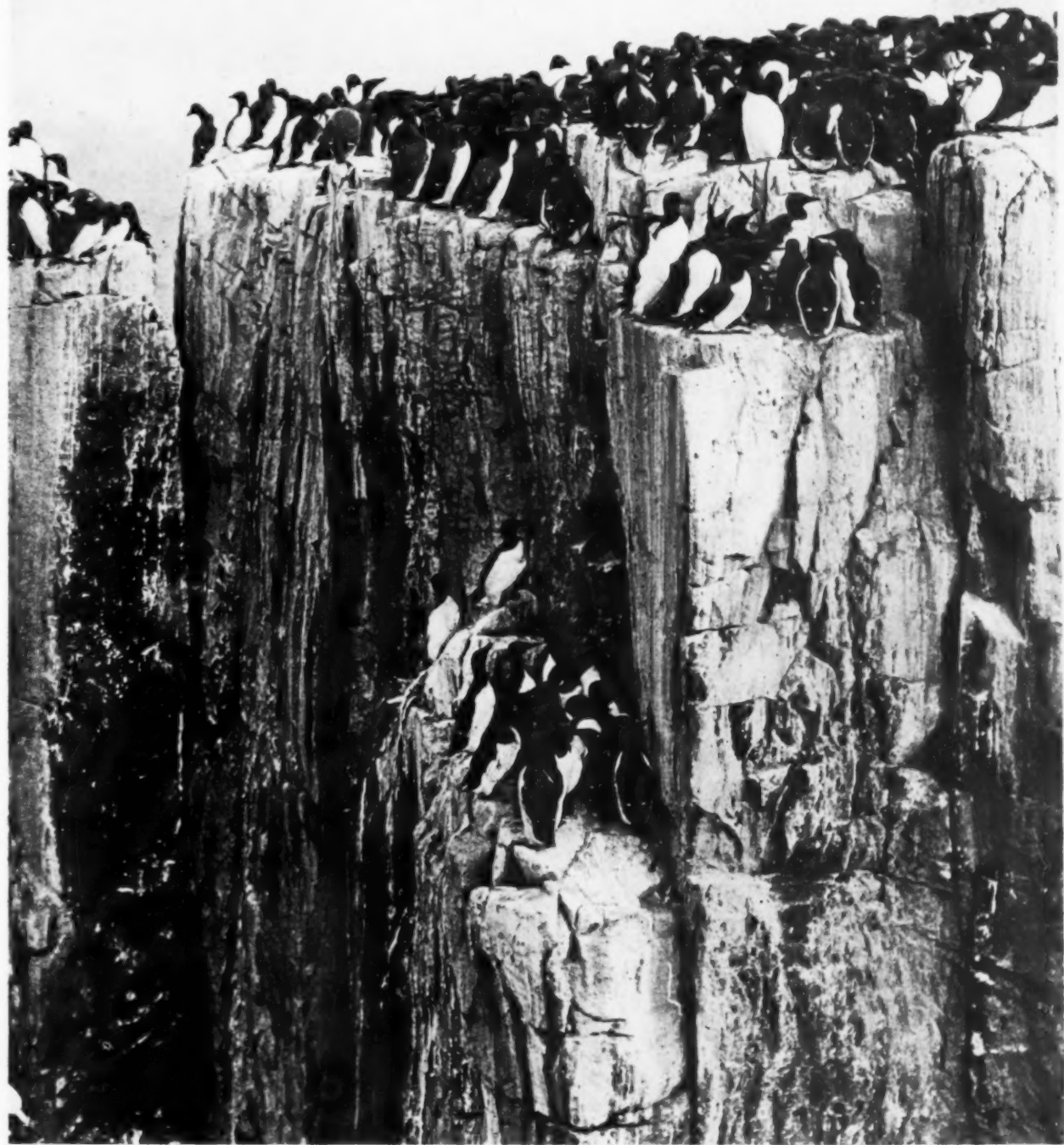
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## A FLEET OF PUFFINS.

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looking puffin. Overhead, brilliant sunshine and blue sky, and beneath, the ever-shifting light upon the sea. By and by, we set sail for home, more or less intoxicated with the glory of it all. Again the fates were kind, and we had a driving wind all the way back. None of the subsequent voyages was accomplished quite so easily, though we were lucky enough to manage seven visits to the Farnes in the first eleven days.

There was one day especially when we were sent back from the Longstone in less than an hour after our arrival, remonstrances on my part being met by the head light-keeper in a courteous but firm manner: "You must go back; your boat is vera sma', and the sea is vera rough." When we got out to sea I turned for a last look at the three tightly buttoned up, serge-clad figures, whose word was law on that historic



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GUILLEMOTS ON THE PINNACLES.

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We usually started about 5 a.m., so as to get there in advance of the trippers from Seahouses. Sometimes our little boat had to be rowed all the way, which was tedious, other days were rough and windy, so that it often meant a sea journey of from two to three and a-half hours each way; but the voyages were never devoid of interest, and occasionally quite exciting.

As they leaned against the giant lighthouse and watched us out of sight, they seemed to be the last links with humanity. On we sped before the ever-roughing wind; whipped with lashing rain and salt spray; buffeted by cross-currents; now on the crest of a wave, now rushing down a green hollow into a little fleet of cheery puffins riding at ease. These would look enquiringly up as much as to say, "Hope you are enjoying it;





E. L. Turner.

A FLOTILLA OF GUILLEMOTS.

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we are," and received in reply a reassuring nod of thanks. It would have been all the same to them if the next wave had swamped us, for has not their race outlasted dynasties? The "Winged Hats" were probably greeted with the same cheeky stare when they sailed across in their cockle-shell boats and sacked sacred Lindisfarne and Royal Bamborough. Gallant little puffins, as long as this species lasts, in spite of the tragedies of wrecked empires, comedy will survive and men will smile. It is quite impossible to look at puffins, either singly or in the mass, without smiling.

God made Him birds in a pleasant humour,  
Tired of plants and suns was he.

Certainly the making of this particular species was one of His biggest jokes! Their awful solemnity is that of a clown at a pantomime; the vertical eye-stripe and gaily painted beak seem all part of a theatrical "make-up." The scarlet feet are charming, to say nothing of the way in which they are planted far apart, so as to support their owner's aldermanic body when

on land. They are also used as propellers as the puffin scuttles along the ground or the surface of the water and so gets up impetus before flying; and then they are turned into steering gear and splayed out on either side during flight. Perhaps a young puffin is a still bigger joke than his elders; for he seems to take himself even more seriously, and his dark down-clad body is so excessively rotund that the little scarlet feet have their work cut out to support it. At the slightest inkling of danger the chick waddles back into his dark tunnel. Puffins in flight are the most difficult of all birds to photograph owing to the extremely rapid movements of their wings.

They must often go a long way for their food, principally sand-eels, and these are not numerous in the immediate neighbourhood of the Farnes, where there is scarcely any shingle or stretch of sand except at low tide. No wonder that they always seem in a hurry when seriously engaged in fishing, for they have an only child who absorbs their attention and apparently thrives well. It seems to me that the young puffins' chances of surviving are much greater than are those



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GUILLEMOTS AND KITTIWAKES ON THE PINNACLES.

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of young kittiwakes, for the latter gulls seem to balance themselves "on the edge of a razor" from the very commencement of their lives. During infancy either or both of the adult kittiwakes keep their young ones huddled together in the corner of a narrow ledge of rock. Sometimes there is hardly standing room for parents and young on these nursery shelves, and the principal business of the old birds seems to be to sit on the edge of space with their backs to the view, mounting guard over the youngsters lest these should fall into the sea, which must surely be the fate of a good many long before they are able to take care of themselves. Generally one parent mounts guard, while the other fishes, and their long-drawn-out cry of "Kitti-wa-ke" echoes and re-echoes from the surrounding cliffs. No doubt, too, the young have to be defended from marauding lesser black-backs. The smaller kittiwake gulls with their black-tipped wings are particularly charming and confiding, while the pleasure and

pride they take in their downy young is delightful. To a mere human being it would seem wiser if they established nurseries in less precarious places; at any rate, they would save themselves considerable anxiety by so doing, and the rate of infant mortality would be less. Perhaps, however, kittiwakes believe that a Spartan upbringing is essential to racial well-being. One would like to know if the young bird contemplates with dread that awful dive into space which has to be taken sooner or later. From the way in which he hugs the rock maybe he does, till familiarity breeds contempt. Perhaps, too, he envies the poor lesser black-backs which safely strut about all over the tops of the rocks during their infancy, bullying everyone else in approved fashion. Courage and size are not necessarily synonymous, and it seems to me that the gentle, confiding kittiwake exceeds in pluck any one of his larger and stronger relatives.

E. L. TURNER.



E. L. Turner.

A COLONY OF LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULLS.

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## THE LAYARD COLLECTION.

**Y**EARS ago the Italian critic, Morelli, praised the National Gallery as one of the most representative art museums in Europe. Since his day Berlin has advanced rapidly under the guidance of Dr. Bode. But our Trustees and Directors have not relaxed their efforts to fill some obvious gaps in the rooms they control, and many munificent donors have come to the rescue. The Salting Bequest contained many treasures; Dr. Mond's pictures are promised; now, by the death of Lady Layard, the Gallery will become possessed of a small collection which will remove several remaining deficiencies. Sir Henry Austen Layard's romantic career embraced politics and diplomacy as well as art. His excavations at Nineveh were possibly not conducted in the strictly scientific manner of the archaeologists of the twentieth century. His taste as a connoisseur, however, cannot be decried. When his pictures, so long housed in the Casa Cappello, leave the palace on the Grand Canal for the building in Trafalgar Square, Morelli's praise will be doubly justified. Morelli himself was an intimate friend of, and adviser to, the gifted

Englishman who has so nobly enriched the institution of which he was an active Trustee.

We have always felt proud of the Venetian Rooms of the National Gallery. Ruskin revealed the glories of Venetian art, with its ideals of "stateliness and power; high intercourse with kingly and beautiful humanity, proud thoughts, or splendid pleasures." In illustration of this period of grandeur, the Layard Collection will not help us. There are no new Titians or Giorgiones for our walls. But, going to the earlier period, when (to quote Ruskin again) "Venetian art is entirely characteristic of her calm and brave statesmanship, her modest and faithful religion," the new acquisitions are of inestimable worth. Among them are two splendid examples of the genius of Gentile Bellini. There has always been considerable difference of opinion as to the attribution of the several Bellini pictures in the National Gallery, and the ascriptions in the catalogue have seen some drastic changes recently. The portrait of the "Sultan Mehemet II." is unquestionable, for it was painted when

Gentile went to Constantinople in 1479-80, by command of the Venetian Senate, and at the request of the Sultan himself.

At the moment of writing the personality of the sitter is even more engrossing than the fascination of Bellini's art. On May 29th, 1453, Constantine Palæologus died fighting the Turks. The Greeks were defeated, and the Byzantine Empire had ended. At noon, Mehemet, son of Amurath, and leader of the Ottomans, entered the captured city, rode to St. Sophia, and prostrated him in the attitude of Moslem worship in front of the altar from which Constantine had received the Sacrament the night before.

Nearly four hundred and sixty years have elapsed. Mehemet's vast empire has been broken into fragments. Before this ink is dry it may be that the Cross reigns once more over the altars of St. Sophia. Gentile Bellini's second picture, "The Adoration of the Magi," is said to be earlier in date than the portrait. It originally belonged to a church in Vicenza, and shows Gentile's love for Oriental costume.

Vittorio Carpaccio (one of Ruskin's favourites among the Venetians) was Gentile Bellini's pupil and assistant. His position in the school is important, for he was strongly influenced by the Vivarini, and may be called the forerunner of Giorgione and Titian. The "Madonna and Child Enthroned with Saints, with the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo in Adoration," was bought by the Trustees in 1865 as a Carpaccio. Since the attribution has been restored to Bastiani, the younger master has been unrepresented. The Layard Bequest will make up the deficiency with three examples. The most important is a small "St. Ursula Taking Leave of Her Father," which Burckhardt called "ravissant." The others are "Augustus and the Sibyl," and "The Death and Assumption of the Virgin."

Some exceptionally interesting North Italian artists find a place in this collection. Under the name of Bramantino will be seen a fine "Adoration of the Magi." Bramantino belonged to the School of Lombardy, and influenced Luini. At present he is uncatalogued at Trafalgar Square, although two examples are to be seen at Hertford House, and some more doubtful work at South Kensington.

Boccaccio Boccaccio probably makes his first appearance here, with a "Madonna and Child with Two Angels," for the "Procession to Calvary" (No. 806), which was bought by the Trustees in 1870, is questionable. Moretto of Brescia is already finely represented. Another Brescian, Girolamo Savoldo, supplies one of the most striking canvases in the Casa Cappello, a "Saint Jerome in Penitence," described by an enthusiastic critic as "a great picture." Moretto's pupil, Moroni, is represented by three portraits.

Other famous names must follow in quick procession: Bonifazio Veronese, "most brilliant and cheerful of the painters

of the post-Bellinesque school"; Paris Bordone, Raffaellino del Garbo, whose "Portrait of a Man" was ascribed to Botticelli until Morelli saw it; Gaudenzio Ferrari, far above Luini, according to the same author; Luini, Cima, Ercole Grandi—the "Raphael" of Ferrara—Bartolommeo Montagna, Sodoma, Cosima Tura, Palma Vecchio and Sebastiano del Piombo, pupil of Bellini and friend of Michael Angelo. The few Netherlandish panels include a "Christ on the Cross" and a "Madonna" by Gherard David and a "Flight into Egypt" by Patinir.

It is understood that the Italian authorities will raise no objection to the removal of this remarkable collection to London. One of the chief reasons offered by the Trustees



MEHEMET II. BY GENTILE BELLINI.

of the National Gallery was that most of the pictures had been taken to the Casa Cappello from the owner's English residence. A possible exception, a portrait by Alvise Vivarini, will probably go to the British Embassy at Rome. If the Minister of Public Instruction has decided in this exceptional case not to enforce the law providing against the removal of pictures from Italy, English art-lovers may congratulate themselves, and thank the Italian Government for their extremely liberal concession. When the Layard Bequest reaches London, it will be the duty of English connoisseurs and artists to consider how best to mark their appreciation of this act of International goodwill.

HUGH STOKES.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE SUCCESSOR.

BY

JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.



IT had always seemed to Dorothea that the sun rose and set upon the Gables Farm. There were other farms in the neighbourhood, larger, wealthier, more pretentious, but the Gables had an old-world beauty, a spacious dignity attuned to times more worthy than these. Dorothea was the last of the Julyans. The Gables had come to her when she was as yet in her teens, but not before she was well qualified to be its mistress. Its early possession stole from her some of her youth; it steadied a character already prone to look upon its world with serious eyes.

Old Adam Bean was her right-hand man. At first a little disposed to presume upon his age and experience with "Missie," he quickly realised the influence of a born organiser and fell into place. If he murmured upon occasion against a too stringent enforcement of those modern ways which Henry Julyan before her had been at pains to introduce in gradual diplomatic fashion, Dorothea did not seem to notice it. It was, "You'll agree with me, Adam," and "Don't you think, Adam," day after day on a note of quiet indisputable authority that drew the old man into conclave, but offered him no loophole for remonstrance.

"An' her brain might be a man's, that clear en be," he could not but own to himself.

They tramped the fields together, made the round of the sheds and barns, drove into the neighbouring markets and bought and sold stock, valued hay and straw to the splitting of a sixpence, and totted up accounts without the margin of a halfpenny either way.

"A proper maid," said Adam Bean. "But 'tain't in human nature for she to be that cold."

He knew something of the world and maids, did Adam Bean; albeit he had not himself wed. And he waited with the foresight and patience of age for the inevitable day of his young mistress's awakening to knowledge of forces in life as yet outside her personal ken. He had to wait for long. In and about Pentargon there were few who would have raised their eyes to the mistress of the Gables Farm, and these few had no appeal for Dorothea.

There was Harry Julyan, a cousin of her own, a fine, upstanding man, dully fierce in his loves and hatreds. The night he told Dorothea of his passion for her she showed him the door. "You're like a mad bull, not a man, Harry Julyan," said she, out of her ignorance and recoil. "I'd like a gentler wooing."

He stared at her, laughed, and half turned on his heel as he was in the strong moonlight that ran in a wide ribbon up the valley behind the Gables Farm. "I can well forgive 'ee your words, cousin Dorothea," he answered her back. "They'm the words o' a maid as don't know aught o' what she'm talking about." Then he came back, half-crazed, and kissed her upon the mouth in a rough, provocative fashion that seemed as if it must by its very violence storm the sleeping heart of her. When he had released her he cried out in an anguish, "There ain't no need to be feart of I, so cold a maid as you do be."

A week later he was betrothed to Lucy Pascoe of the Red Lion, a maid below him in station, whose flattery had lit in his burning heart a little subsidiary flame. That little flame died before marriage; he came to tell Dorothea so on the night before he was wed. He told her other things that opened her eyes to the hideous tragedy for which a laughing fate was to blame. This time she partially understood. At parting she kissed him as a mother might have done, but she could not give herself to him to save him, for to do that would have been to lose her own soul.

As Harry Julyan went down the long road to his fate, black hate against the whole world in his heart, he said aloud of the woman who had denied though she had pitied him, "The day'll come when 'ee will have thy heart squeezed dry as mine."

A year later Lucy died in childbirth, leaving to Harry Julyan a son of their union. On the night of the mother's burial Dorothea sat in the big, sombre parlour of the Gables Farm thinking strange thoughts, for, though she did not love Harry Julyan, she envied the dead woman his child. She wanted a son of her own, a son to inherit the Gables Farm after her. Harry Julyan had loved her passionately; this child that had come to him might have been hers!

She did not love; she had never loved; her thirtieth year was past. Remorse and fear took hold of her; she ought

to have given the Gables Farm her successor.

Later, tossing and turning upon her bed, watching the night wind, fragrant with the scents of honeysuckle, of syringa, of climbing rose, flutter the muslin curtains as by an unseen hand, she said to herself, "I can't bear it. Why did I not think of this before?" and she saw the son of Harry Julyan and Lucy stepping in where her own son should have been. For rather leave all to a Julyan than to a stranger!

The next day Harry climbed the hill to the Gables Farm and asked her to marry him. He sat beside her on the stone bench that flanked the deep porch on either side, twirling his hat, with the deep band of black upon it, round and round monotonously. "I've been in hell," said he, casting the words at her with a dull satisfaction in their crudity, his own indecorous haste. "But there ain't no other man as have caught the eye of 'ee—an' 'ee be getting on."

She looked him over with her quiet, seeking, virginal gaze; he trembled under all that it betrayed, all that it held of menace. "I'll take you, Harry Julyan," she said. "But we must wait."

No word of Lucy or the child; it was a cold bargain. In the man's case, the aftermath of a passion temporarily diverted from one object to another made aught but the most direct speech impossible; in the woman's, ignorance stirred up as her strongest emotion that of fear. Had her object in saying yes to him been less intensely realised, she must have been more acutely aware of the fires that burned low beneath his surface calm.

He went away, and she was alone with an unquiet persuasion, subconscious but insistently present, that she had bought her ambition at a price as yet to be valued rightly. Restless, she wandered out into the yards in search of Adam Bean, the disturbance of her mind betraying itself in her bearing, her rich gown—compliment to the beauty of the farm's lovely setting—trailing after her, held in a negligent grasp.

She discovered Adam in the greater barn. Its wide-standing doors invited her entrance. An imperious beautiful figure, the challenge of her unfulfilled womanhood betrayed itself in every gracious line of her, in the still depths of her untroubled eyes, the faint sketch of seduction that hovered vaguely about her smiling mouth.

"A rare piece, my mistress be!" said Adam Bean, upon a note of jealous partisanship that anticipated and made provision against contentions difference. He stooped further, so that the gloom caught his bent old figure and hid it, calling out: "Here I be, missus; if so be as 'ee were wanting I."

She was not wanting him; and yet she was wanting him badly. She stood in an unusual, unaccountable hesitancy, a rising disturbance in her gaze, wordless, staring into the gloom. And, as she so stared, there materialised out of the barn's cool twilight the outlines of a man's eager, seeking face—a long, pointed face, narrow across the brows, deeply lined about the mouth, with curious light grey eyes deep set, and a thin nose that suggested some latent cruelty of disposition—the face of an artist a dreamer, and a refined sensualist!

Dorothea Julyan caught her breath with the dropping of his ardent gaze; there ran through her blood a stinging poison, and a slow crimson covered face and neck, then died.

"Mistress Dorothea Julyan?" said a suave, mocking voice in a tone most poignantly and irresistibly intimate. "I have introduced myself to Adam. My name is Hartley—Gerald Hartley—and I am an artist. I had taken the liberty of asking him to allow me to look into his barn. The interior is wonderfully beautiful, the mellow lights—" He broke off to laugh to himself softly. "Madame, I should be honoured to paint your portrait," said he, humorously pointing by look and tone his appreciation of the impossibility of her granting so bold a proposition, emphasising a thousand-fold his acute consciousness of her unassailable dignity as the châtelaine of all this.

He had struck the right note by an intuition almost feminine. She coloured again, but this time with pleasure rather than embarrassment. His gaze met hers; it betrayed his tempered admiration and respect. There passed before Dorothea Julyan's eyes a vision of her portrait, painted by the artist, hung in the long

corridor where dead and gone Julyan men and women looked down on her daily out of the past. Yet she hesitated, warned by some obscure instinct to refuse.

He waited. Receding into the cool shadows of the barn, his long, thin face, like the mask of a hungry satyr, swam into misty indefiniteness. He saw the tension of her pose relax, her hands slacken and her mouth's lines melt to a sweet reasonableness. He spoke then. "I am permitted?"

She bowed her head.

Old Adam Bean said: "Where be he going to put up, missus? To the Gables?"

Why not? The Julyans' hospitality had never failed! She turned to him with all the gracious charm and assurance of a woman doing the honours of her house. "I hope to be able to make you comfortable," said she.

He made a little protesting, amused gesture, thinking of the accommodation that had so far been his. "Thank you," said he, "I cannot refuse." And again his eyes said what his tongue left unuttered.

Behind him, Old Adam Bean made a sharp clicking sound in his throat. That night the artist slept beneath Dorothea Julyan's roof. The following day he discussed with her the question of her posing. The succeeding days he worked upon his canvas while she sat for him. He talked little, his eyes said more than his tongue; penetrative, introspective eyes with a little flame of repressed ardour in them, she felt their searching to her very soul, was fluttered, outraged, yet most subtly influenced. She began in her moments of leisure to busy her thoughts with him; his personality eluded her, and, unconscious of the danger of the morass where, like a will-o'-the-wisp, he doubled tirelessly, she lost her sane outlook, her bearings and her self-sufficiency.

"You're not yourself, missus," said Adam Bean when, their business irking her, she threw down her pen and laid a firm, white hand upon her brow in an effort to disperse the chaos of her mind. "Be 'ee feeling wisht-like?"

She stared at him. The humble fidelity in his eyes obscured but lightly a hope, a fear! For a moment she, who had never before deigned to consider the handy-man as possessing a mind that worked under any control but her own, faced an unpalatable truth. She gripped her authority with a desperate eagerness. Taking up her pen, she wrote blindly for a few moments, answering him nothing.

There came into Adam Bean's old eyes a compassionate understanding. He went out into the kitchen garden and found the artist blowing puff-balls while he lay on his back in the hot sun. "Well, Adam, business over?" said he, as the old man approached with tottery steps.

"Yes, sir," said Adam. He stood in the sunlight blinking and looking the artist over with a childlike and yet pitiless blankness. "You'd do well for yourself if 'ee was to wed with my missus," said he.

The artist laughed. "Why, Adam, what put the idea into your head?" asked he. He sniffed the air, appreciatively, as a child might. "I am not marrying, Adam; and your mistress—why, she would laugh at the very thought."

"Belike," Adam Bean picked a slug off a flowering rose tree and trod it underfoot viciously. "But 'ee might do worse nor make a bid."

"I'm not bidding," said Gerald Hartley, softly. "And there's Mr. Harry Julyan to be reckoned with, besides, I rather imagine." He dug his heels into the turf, turned over on his side and closed his eyes. When he opened them, five minutes later, Adam Bean was still there.

"You be a rare wonder, sir," said he, flatteringly. "I hadn't thought as 'ee could see as far."

"I can see very far," said the artist, slowly. "That's my business, Adam Bean."

Adam was dismissed. He did not know it had been done. "And there was summat else as I was going to say to he," he told himself, resentfully.

Dorothea Julyan sat on in the twilight; her hands clasped together and pressed down upon her lap betrayed the tension of her mood. A strange thought had come to her, unwanted, unbidden. She did not try to thrust it from her; she had always met her problems squarely; she had always been equal to them—more than equal! She knew that Adam Bean thought of the artist as a husband for her! She knew that Adam knew she wanted the artist! And she *did* want him. She wanted him as badly as—worse than—she had wanted the thorough-bred Harry Julyan had bought in the autumn of last year and sold to her this spring, or the child that Lucy had given to Harry as the pledge of her love and the vindication of his manhood. Harry! She caught her breath, then cried out. She had forgotten Harry these last few days; or was it that she had deliberately set him to one side? A negligible quantity! No, he was not that. She leaned forward in her seat so that the sunlight fell on head and breast; she was suddenly chilled, her mounting blood checked. No longer a promise, the name of Harry Julyan, that had seemed to breathe of passion, struck a dull note of sinister and adamant menace. For Harry would not let her go. The chains of his love were, in this moment, thrown upon her shoulders, the infelicitous moment of her belated realisation that she was Gerald Hartley's to do with as he pleased. Her unconscious defence against a pitiless attack, in which every weapon of the besieger had come into merciless play, had been magnificent; her surrender was equally fine—yet to be discovered by the victor as pitiable, since he had only fought for the fight's sake. For Gerald Hartley was not bidding. With the sultry

afternoon's ending and the rising of a sharp, sweet rain-wind bending the rose trees and scattering their fragrant favours, he came in search of her. To find her in a western window of the great living-room, some fine embroidery in her hands, putting in leisured stitches one by one, her mind most obviously at large.

He took the delicate stuff from her, crushing it up in spite of her protests. He stood back and gazed at her. She was like a lovely jewel in a sombre setting, moving, vital, alive! He saw that she knew. The knowledge was like an intoxicant, heady, tempting to one who had constituted himself his own mentor, and had not yet been tripped up by a humorous fate. The colour coming and going in her cheeks was exquisite, her raised gaze betrayed to him a depth of ignorance that broke down his last defence. He kissed her. A kiss lightly given—and taken!

"So you love me," said Dorothea, "after all!" She held his hands, constraining him. That kiss had let loose a thousand furies of possession; these warned her that he would escape. She clung to him, her excuse the tangible act; her brain—no longer subservient to her heart, but mastering it—counselled that this was an advantage to be followed up swiftly, or lost.

He would have temporised, might have done so, but that the growing passion in her eyes lit answering fires in his. He kissed her again and yet again.

Harry Julyan, rounding the terrace, surprised them so. Adam Bean surprised Harry. The two men paused at gaze. Harry, white to the lips, stood in the first thrashing fury of the rain-storm shuddering.

In Adam's eyes there was a look of subtlety, of understanding and of dubiety. "Him ain't bidding!" murmured he. He saw his mistress humbled by the stranger who was not bidding, for the artist was that and no more to Adam Bean now. He laid a hand on Harry Julyan's arm. "Come away, mister," said he. "Come 'ee away."

But Harry Julyan shook him off violently and turned and plunged into the gathering darkness, wordless.

Above the head of Dorothea Julyan Adam Bean caught the gaze of Gerald Hartley; he read his mistress's desertion in the long, cruel, satyr-like face. The heart of Dorothea Julyan was to be squeezed dry.

And in the days that followed that this was so was plain to see. For the artist did not go yet. He did Dorothea more cruel kindness than to leave her in doubt of his intention; he remained to disillusion her.

At first she did not understand, and yet, perhaps vaguely, from the first she knew. Her pride and common-sense in this deserted her, left her defenceless in the clutch of an obsession she resented and clung to. She heaped up her possessions, her charms and her prestige in an attempt to hold him fast. And in the end a kind word from him was valued as highly as if it had been a caress. "He'm breaking her pride and her heart, mister," Adam Bean whined to Harry Julyan in the market-place, whither he had followed him.

Harry Julyan was no longer the man he had been. His thwarted passions had, like a corroding poison, licked up fiercely the gentler qualities of his virile manhood. "Both be mendable," said he, and turned his back.

It was told to Dorothea that Harry had turned his back upon her man. She could not believe it. She spoke to Adam. "He loved me," said she, with that extraordinary humility which her unrequited love had cast like a blight upon her.

"Love do change to hate, times, missus," said Adam Bean.

She took the sinister thought into her heart, and like balm it spread a strange peace there. . . . She hugged it close to her, nursing the delicate flicker of life in it, and that flicker became a strong flame withering and destructive, but she did not know that. She was never to know it.

But Gerald Hartley knew it when she told him to go. The portrait was finished, and so engrossed had he been in its completion he had missed the change in her. He took it badly. Her gradual cooling had wrought in him a miracle. He wanted her.

She met his advances as the mistress of the Gables Farm, reinstated, touched with the arrogance of weakness trodden underfoot, the knowledge of a beautiful past folly belaboured into hideousness. "I am marrying Harry Julyan," said she.

She sent for Harry, and he came. Her son and his, she told him, would yet reign at the Gables Farm. She looked him over with the calm certitude and congratulation of one who had discovered her folly not too late; she wondered that she had ever thought to place the son of a stranger where a Julyan had ever ruled.

His gaze measured hers. He met her at last on an equal footing, they had that to give which made each invaluable to the other.

The artist surprised them together, seated well apart, discussing a point of law that affected a disputed boundary that separated the Gables Farm from a neighbour. She had not learnt to abdicate, but she would share her rule. Her gracious gesture, just tinged with condescension, invited the artist to stay, indeed, forbade him to go. It had regained its first potent appeal, the appeal of the all-sufficient which had so irresistibly invited his assault.

He stared at her, and knew his day past. Her heart had been sleeping when he first met her; it was now dead. He wondered for what she had promised herself to Julyan, and then suddenly a word of hers told him, and he knew. That day he left the Gables Farm.

The child of Harry and Lucy Julyan was gurgling with laughter in the arms of its grandmother in the doorway of the Red Lion as he passed by. He paused to speak to the woman. All Pentargon

knew how he had played fast and loose with the heart of the mistress of the Gables Farm; now he told the grandmother that Harry Julyan was to wed with his cousin.

She was silent a moment; her inscrutable eyes, shrewdly triumphant, looked away past him into the twilight. When she

spoke it was as if some force outside herself pierced the veil of the future and seized upon and tore open the last secret of Dorothea Julyan's proud heart. "'Tis Lucy's lad as will take toll when her be gone, then," said she. "Don't 'ee be feart as do love she, for—'twill be my Lucy's lad. . . ."

## SOME TROPHIES OF THE 39th GARHWAL RIFLES—II

ONE of the most exciting and dangerous of field sports is tiger-shooting, for the tiger may be justly termed a king among beasts. Its pursuit is divided into three classes—driving with beaters, shooting

tiger was met with fortuitously while on the way to a pool for mahseer-fishing, situated in the jungles fringing the foothills of the Himalayas, the streams which course through these low ranges being often productive of good sport to the angler.



IBEX (*Capra sibirica*).

Length, 55in. ; tip to tip, 31½in. ; circ., 10½in.

Length, 53½in. ; tip to tip, 28in. ; circ., 11½in.

Length, 51½in. ; tip to tip, 30in. ; circ., 10½in.

from elephants, and sitting up in trees over a live buffalo, or one killed by a tiger, and to which it may return for a further meal. These three methods are employed according as the nature of the country dictates.

Of the dozen tigers bagged by officers of the regiment, the one in the billiard-room is a notable specimen in length and

girth.  
This  
parti-  
cular

The track led through bamboo clumps interspersed with salai trees, while anon it wound across the bed of a dried-up nála, its sides fringed with dense jungle. Suddenly the sharp trumpet note of a sambar stag breaks the silence of the forest—"Dhánk." Again it strikes the air, and all is keen anticipation, for the alarm note of the sambar has b u t o n e m e a n - i n g .



ASIATIC WAPITI.

Length, 49in. ; 14 points ; tip to tip, 45in.

ASIATIC ROEDEER.

Length, 15in. ; tip to tip, 8½in.

ASIATIC WAPITI.

Length, 48in. ; 12 points ; tip to tip, 45in.



The elephants, carrying the party of two with their orderlies, slowly pursue their way, moving with an absence of noise little short of remarkable. Presently the huge beasts come to a halt, and the morning light falls on the white and gold of a tiger crouching in the grass. The still air of the jungle is cool and refreshing, for as yet the sun is still low in the blue sky. Intently the tiger regards the elephants, as if uncertain what course to adopt. Slowly the rifle is raised, and a shot behind the shoulder tells. With a "woof" he dashes off, only to reappear a few seconds later charging down on the elephants, but another shot finishes him before he can attain his object. This tiger measured 9ft. 7in. in length as he lay on the ground.

The Panther (*Felis pardus*) is characterised by its boldness and cunning combined with a ferocity, especially when wounded, which renders it a more dangerous antagonist than the tiger. The panther not infrequently turns to man-eating, and it is then that he becomes a scourge hard to defeat. Monkeys have a great dread of panthers, and the latter often turn this to advantage by pretending to climb a tree, on which the monkeys, wild

with terror and excitement, dash madly about, some leaping to the ground, only to be instantly seized by the agile cat.



JEROW.

Length, 39½ in.; tip to tip, 29 in.; circumference, 7 in.



THAMIN OR ELD'S DEER.

Length, 35½ in.; tip to tip, 20½ in.; circumference, 5 in.

ARGALI (*Ovis ammon Karelini*).

Length, 40 in.; tip to tip, 23 in.; circ., 15 in.

PAMIR ARGALI (*Ovis ammon Poli*).

Length, 56 in.; tip to tip, 45 in.; circumference, 15½ in.

MUSK DEER (*Moschus moschiferus*).

Length of tusks, 3½ in.

The Ounce or Snow Leopard (*Felis uncia*) is only encountered at high altitudes, preying on ibex and other game there found. Its extreme wariness accounts for its being seldom seen, and to get a shot is a lucky fluke. The three in the collection were all shot when out stalking ibex or markhor, one being accounted for while stalking the same herd as its slayer. The Hunting Leopard, or Cheetah (*Felis jubata*), is found in Central and

Southern India. It is remarkable for its length of leg and greyhound appearance, and is reputed to be the fleetest animal in the world.

'Tis a far cry from the plains of Hindustan to the Pamirs, that lofty tableland to the north of the Hindu Kush, fitly termed the Roof of the World. On the Pamirs is found that grand sheep, *Ovis Poli*, the largest of its class, and carrying the long, curved horns which impart to it so majestic an appearance. It may be noted that its existence was first made known to the world by Marco Polo,

who traversed the region more than six hundred years ago. The specimen shown in the photograph is 56 in. along the curve, with a circumference of 16 in. at the base, and a tip-to-tip span of 45 in.

Northwards from the Pamirs lie the Thian Shan Mountains in the heart of Asia, the habitat of Asiatic Wapiti (*Cervus canadensis songaricus*), one of the largest representatives of the deer family. The wapiti shown in the photographs were obtained by the writer during a recent expedition through Central Asia, and some account of the stalking may be of interest. My shikaris were Kalmuks, a race of nomads of the Thian Shan and Mongolia. We had bivouacked late in September in the Kok Terek Valley, said to be noted ground for wapiti. Starting before dawn, we threaded our way through the vast pine forests. To hunt wapiti with any success the call must be imitated, and this the Kalmuks accomplish by means of a hollow reed stalk, but it is difficult to do well. One of my Kalmuks was an expert herein, and at intervals in our upward course through the forest he would call, but, getting no reply, trudge silently on again. Higher up we heard the sound of something to our right, and the Kalmuk called on his blowpipe, to which a stag responded, and then another, and yet a third.

The wapiti to the right was, from his deep-toned voice, declared to be the best, so we plunged silently into



THAMIN OR ELD'S DEER.

Length, 34½ in.; tip to tip, 21 in.

TIBETAN GAZELLE (*Gazella pecticaudata*).

Length, 12½ in.; tip to tip, 6½ in.



BILLIARD-ROOM.

Tiger, 9ft. 5in., on right; Markhor (*Capra falconeri*), Ibex and Shapo (*Ovis Vignei*) on left.

the depths of the forest, calling at intervals. On the way we came to a small opening, and, taking cover behind some rocks, awaited developments. The opening was about one hundred yards in breadth and sloped gradually down to a small hollow. From our position in rear of the rocks we commanded a view of the ground to the edge of the forest beyond. The other two stags were above and in front of us; but they seemed to be stationary, whereas the one lower down was moving in our direction in response to the calls. We were now quite close to this stag, who was calling at irregular intervals a few hundred yards away. Gradually the stag drew nearer, until at last he appeared in a clearing among the pines, a noble picture with towering antlers. I covered him behind the shoulder and let drive, a heavy stumble indicating a hard hit. This gave time for another shot, which brought him with a crash into some wild currant bushes. It was a fine head, fourteen

best measuring 55in., 53½in., 51½in., 48½in., 47½in. and 47½in., and the first named being a magnificent specimen.

An interesting species of wild sheep, of which a photograph is given, was also obtained in the Thian Shan. Some sportsmen incline to the belief that they are *Ovis Karelini*, but the question lacks scientific determination. The Kalmuks call them "Argali," which is the Mongolian name for all wild sheep.

The Asiatic Roedeer (*Capreolus pygargus*) is a small species of the deer family distributed over Northern and Central Asia, and is larger than the European example. The buck stands some 30in. at the shoulder, and the coat is of a reddish brown. The horns differ from the other species of deer in that there is no brow tine, and the average length does not exceed 13in. There are six points, three on each horn, but occasionally seven and eight pointers are found. The cry of alarm is a bark similar to that of the barking deer of the Himalayas. A photograph is given of one of the four specimens in the collection, and it will be noted that the horns are also heavily knotted.

Space does not permit of more than a passing reference to a few of the remaining trophies, chief among which may be cited the Tibetan Gazelle (*Gazella picticaudata*), found on the Tibetan uplands and in Ching-Chenmo, at an average elevation of 15,000ft.

The Tibetan Antelope (*Pantholops Hodgsoni*) is met with at high altitudes and in terrain well-nigh inaccessible to the hunter, far removed from the limits of human habitation. In build it is akin to the Indian antelope of the plains, but the horns are more graceful, sweeping upwards in a curve and converging inwards near the tips in the form of a lyre.

The Jerow is a stag met with in the lower ranges of the Himalayas and elsewhere. The horns are massive, and a good pair run to 40in. The Swamp Deer (*Rucervus Duvaucelli*) affects the dense marshes and swamps of the Terai, where the high grass renders shooting, other than from a howdah, impracticable. Eld's Deer, or Thamin (*Rucervus panolia Eldii*), has its habitat in Burma. The horns are distinct by reason



DINING-ROOM.

Above door on right, Tahr; in centre, Goral with Sambur Stag; on left, Urial; Indian Antelope above doorway on left; left centre, above sideboard, Ibex and Thian Shan Sheep (*Ovis Karelini*).

of the curved sweep, as shown in the photograph, the top of the beam being studded with short points. The Musk Deer (*Moschus moschiferus*) is a small deer seen only on the higher ranges of Northern India. It is devoid of horns, but the male has two tushes depending from the upper jaw, and an abdominal gland containing the musk for which it is hunted by the natives.

Although the collection is mainly interesting because it is probably the finest set of Indian and Central Asian trophies, it also contains a variety of skins, such as the Black Bear (*Ursus*

mind the Arab proverb, "The days spent in the chase are not counted in the span of life." P. T. ETHERTON.

## THE BURNING BUSH.

By SIR EDWARD THORPE, C.B., F.R.S.

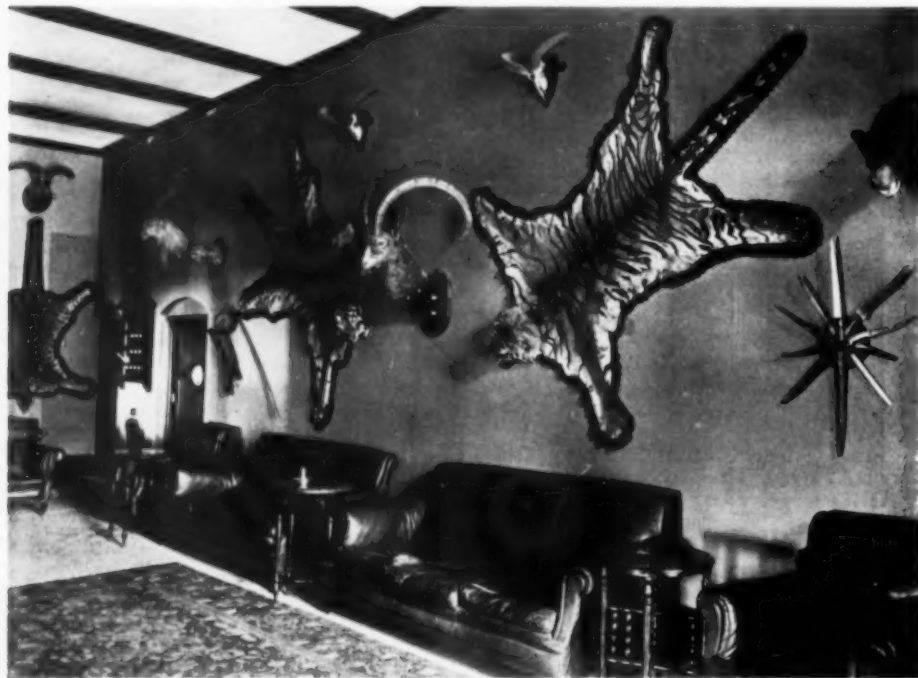
**D**ICTAMNUS FRAXINELLA (bastard dittany, burning bush, gas plant) (Nat. ord. Rutaceæ), a herbaceous perennial found native in various parts of Europe, has long been known and prized on account of the supposed medicinal virtues of its essential oil. It grows to a height of from one foot to two feet, and bears on erect stems a number of showy flowers varying in colour from white to rose red and purple, and possessing, as does the whole plant, a strong aromatic smell.

Although at one time a popular garden plant, its cultivation had practically gone out of fashion, and it was only to be met with in the herbaceous borders of a few old gardens. Of late, however, it has acquired interest, mainly on account of its alleged power of emitting, at the time of flowering, a gas or vapour capable of being ignited, and so affording a momentary and more or less luminous flame, which, under favourable conditions, is seen to surround and envelop the whole of the flower stalks and flowers. Many of the formal text-books of botany, and even some of the gardening manuals making mention of the plant, contain no allusion to this peculiarity, and even when it is referred to, the statements are frequently so guarded as to imply some doubt in the mind of the writer concerning the reality of the phenomenon. Some of the older botanical works are more circumstantial in their description. The following account by Dr. Hahn of "the inflammability of *Dictamnus albus*" is to be found in Seemann's "Journal of Botany," Vol. I., page 345: "It had been noticed by a little daughter of Linnaeus that when a light was applied to the flowers of *Dictamnus albus* they burst into flame. The experiment was often repeated, but unsuccessfully. Some thought the observation was faulty; others that the plant evolved hydrogen. When this supposition became untenable it was thought that the flowers contained etheric oil. It was not until the hot and dry summer of 1857 that Dr. Hahn succeeded in getting a flame. He applied a lighted match to the blossom which did not ignite; on passing to another he approached a partially faded one, which ignited with a crackling noise and showed a strongly sooting flame, which emitted an aromatic smell, and did no injury to the flowers or plant. He repeated the experiment during several summers, some of which were wet and cold, and always successfully, showing that weather has no influence on the phenomenon. He noticed that the pedicel and peduncle contained reddish glands, and that these glands were best formed when the flowering was about over. The best time is when the panicle has faded flowers at its base, with some good blossoms at its top. When these glands are destroyed they do not reform, and therefore the phenomenon can only be seen once during this limited period." Mr. James Backhouse, writing from York in Seemann's Journal, Vol. II., page 22, says that it is correct that the reddish glands contain the substance which is inflammable, but the glands are not only on the pedicel and peduncle but on the stem, and he has succeeded frequently in causing the whole bush to blaze by bringing a lighted candle low down on the stem. It is the contents of these glands, he says, which give the plant its peculiar smell.

I was first attracted to this subject by a reference to the plant and its remarkable property which I met with in one of Mr. Leslie's charming works on country life. It naturally gave rise to surmises as to what possible gas or volatile vapour, capable of being inflamed, could be exhaled, at the

temperature of a summer's day, from the plant during the normal process of its growth. That a hydrocarbon of considerably lower boiling point than an ordinary terpene may be formed in a plant is seen in the case of the paraffin heptane from *Pinus sabiniana*, and paraffins of higher molecular weight have since been found to occur naturally in tobacco and other plants. Considering the intimate correlation which exists in this series of homologues there seems to be no *a priori* reason why paraffins other than heptane, and of possibly even greater volatility, should not be formed in the vegetable kingdom.

On my mentioning the subject, and my desire to investigate it, to my friend, the late Lady Roscoe, she, with characteristic generosity, promptly offered to



HALL.

Tiger, Panther (at end on left), Snow Leopard (above corner door), Ibex in centre.



HALL.

On left, Black Bear (*Ursus torquatus*); in centre, Asiatic Wapiti; Snow Leopard and Panther on right.

*torquatus*), the Snow or Red Bear (*Ursus isabellinus*) and the Sloth Bear of the plains (*Ursus labiatus*). The last named, shot in the Himalayas, is a particularly fine specimen, measuring 6ft. 9in., with a breadth of 4ft. 6in.

The well-trophied walls recall halcyon days by crag and peak, in silent forest and amid dark and sombre ravines. The dangers of big-game shooting enhance its fascination, while the grandeur of the scenery by which one is often surrounded, and the successful finish of a long and arduous stalk, recall to



cultivate the plant, and to supply me with material for the enquiry, and for several successive seasons, as the plant came into flower, she sent me a considerable number of blooms at different stages of inflorescence. Sir David Prain, the Director of the Royal Gardens, also was good enough to interest himself in the matter, and procured for me further supplies, partly from Kew and partly from the well-known horticulturist, Mr. Thomas Smith of Newry. I also supplemented my stock of material by means of plants raised by myself in Devonshire, where I had the opportunity of studying their development during the various periods of their growth.

There need be no doubt whatever concerning the reality of the phenomenon. When the plant is in bloom a lighted match held near one of the flower-stems will cause a sheet of luminous flame to spread rapidly upwards so as to envelop the whole. The duration of the flash is only a second or so, and the flowers seem little the worse for the experiment. I have not succeeded in repeating it on the same flower-stem, even after an interval of some days. It is usually stated that the inflammation succeeds best in calm, sultry weather, especially towards the close of a sunny day. These conditions, I find, are not at all necessary to success. Provided the plant is in full flower the experiment will succeed equally well in dull, cloudy, or even wet weather. Nor is it essential to make the trial on the growing plant. If the flower-stems are removed at the proper time and placed in water, they will show the phenomenon not less strikingly, even after an interval of two or three days.

With a view to ascertain whether any inflammable gas, or any volatile compound capable of affording an inflammable mixture with air, was evolved from the flowers and flower-stems, I packed a large number of these as closely as possible in a cylindrical glass vessel, immersed in water and connected at the bottom by means of thick-walled rubber tubing with a reservoir of mercury. Both the upper and lower end of the cylindrical vessel were provided with glass stopcocks. To the upper end of the vessel was attached a delivery tube ending in a mercury trough, in which stood a small inverted test tube filled with mercury. The air in the cylindrical vessel was then rapidly displaced by mercury and allowed to escape, the upper stopcock was closed and the mercury reservoir lowered and the lower stopcock turned. The mass of the flowers and flower-stems was thus in a partial vacuum, which it was hoped would facilitate the escape of any gas or volatile vapour which might be present in the cells or glands of the plants. After standing for some hours, sometimes in bright sunshine, the mercury was re-admitted, and the upper stopcock opened so as to drive the gas over into the test-tube standing in the mercury trough. The gas collected was non-inflammable, and was found to consist of a mixture of carbonic acid and air. The cylinder containing the flowers was once more emptied of mercury and the stopcocks closed, and the water surrounding the cylinder was gradually

heated to a few degrees below 100deg. C., by blowing steam into it, and after standing for some time at the temperature of from 70deg. to 80deg. C. any evolved gas or vapour was driven to the upper part of the vessel by slowly admitting the mercury, and allowing it to take up the temperature of the bath, after which the gas was rapidly collected over the mercury trough. No inflammable vapour could be detected; the gas evolved was carbon dioxide mixed with small quantities of air.

The experiment was repeated during successive seasons on considerable quantities both of the red and white varieties of *Dictamnus*, but not the slightest evidence of inflammable gas or vapour could in this way be detected. The experiment was then modified by packing the flowers and flower-stalks so as to fill as completely as possible a large flask, immersed in a heated water bath, and connected with a small receiver cooled by a freezing mixture. At the end of the experiment no trace of volatile oil or any evidence of inflammable gas could be detected in the receiver.

I believe the true explanation of the phenomenon of the "burning bush" is as follows: If the flower-stalks, bracts and sepals of *Dictamnus fraxinella* are examined, however superficially, at the time of inflorescence it will be seen that they are thickly covered with fine glandular hairs, many of which have their base in small protuberant ovoid glands, or pustules, of a dark red colour in the red-flowering species. These glands are more or less filled with an essential oil containing the strongly odoriferous principle characteristic of the flower. The origin and structure of these glands have been investigated by Rauter (*Zur Entwicklungsgeschichte einiger Trichrom Gebilde*, Wien, 1871), and figures showing the glands and hair at its apex, taken from Rauter's monograph, are to be found in Sach's "Text-Book of Botany." The significance and function of these glands and hairs in the life-history of the plant has been studied by Carl Detto ("Flora," 1903, 92, 184), who has described the mechanism of escape of the essential oil. The hairs are really ducts, and so exceedingly brittle as to be readily broken by the passage over them even of small insects, when the essential oil is immediately forced out through the opening. On bringing a burning match in contact with the stem these fine hairs take fire, the essential oil is ejected and the flame enlarged in size and rendered more luminous by the combustion of its constituents.

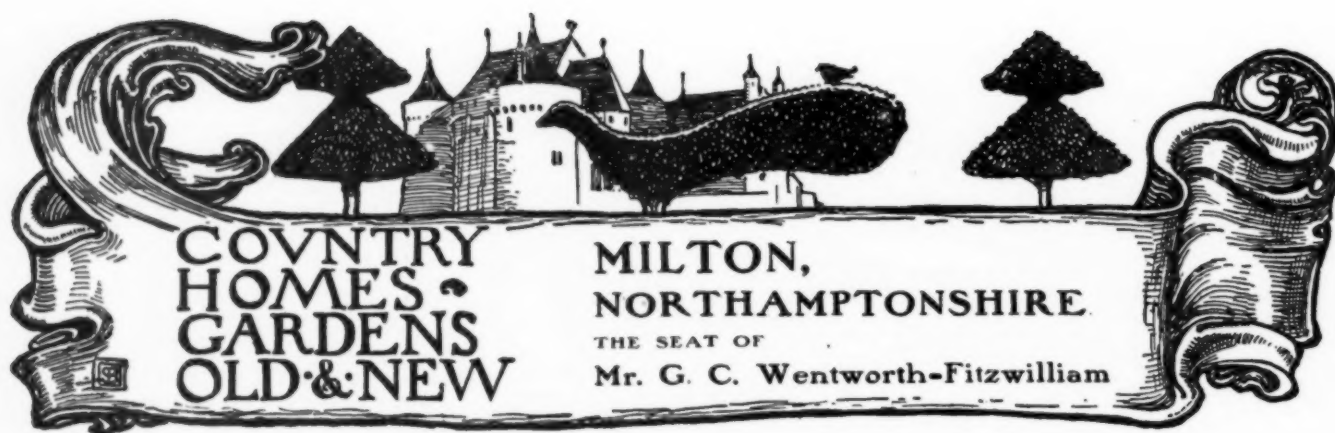
As regards the conditions under which the inflammability may be seen, my observations, which have extended over several years, fully confirm those of Detto. He says, "ist es auch nicht nöthig, das beliebte Experiment, mit Hilfe eines brennenden Streichholzes den Blüten Stand der Pflanze in Brand zu setzen, nur bei Sonnenschein oder absolute Windstille auszuführen. Es gelingt immer dann, wenn eine genügende Anzahl intakter und turgescenter Drüsen vorhanden ist; dabei verbrennen die Schnäbel und das ausspritzende Öl entzündet sich."



W. G. Meredith

ON THE CHURCH STEPS AT LE FAOUET.

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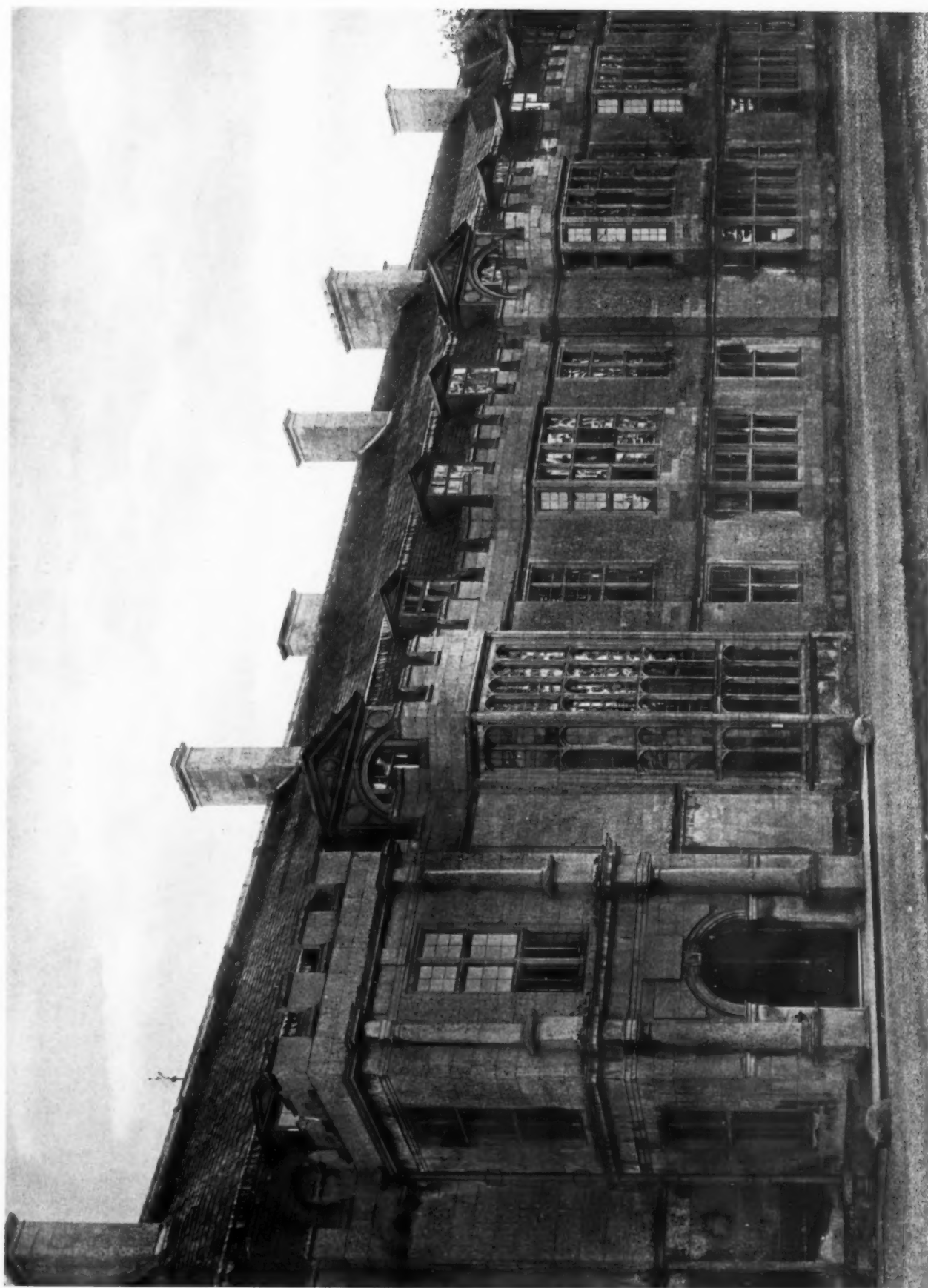
**M**ILTON is one of the several large houses in the county of Northampton that belonged to a family prominent in the public service in the time of Elizabeth. The Fitzwilliams of Milton, however, unlike the neighbouring Cecils of Burghley and Mildmays of Apethorpe, did not rise first into notice at that time; they had been for four centuries domiciled in Yorkshire, a powerful family of several branches descended from a marriage between an Englishman and a Norman lady in the twelfth century. In the reign of Henry VIII. they died out in the male line in their native county, the property passing to heiresses; and it became the portion of a cadet of the family to renew the Fitzwilliam fortunes and establish them in Northamptonshire till the eighteenth century, when, owing to a successful marriage, the great inheritance of Wentworth took the head of the family back again to Yorkshire, and eventually the Milton property was separated and left to a younger son.

The marriage of Sir John Fitzwilliam of Sprotborough, Yorkshire, in the days of Henry VI. brought him into relationship with an important Northamptonshire family—the Greenses of Drayton—and his sixth son married Ellen, daughter of William Villiers of Brooksby in the bordering county of Leicester. From these marriages it may be inferred family connections drew Sir John's grandson, William, to buy the Milton lordship from Robert Wittelbury in 1502. This William lived and traded in Broad Street, London, and became a rich Alderman of the City, Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company and, after an unsuccessful candidature for the shrievalty of London, he received the first mark of Royal favour in the King's nomination of him to the

office in 1506. He subsequently became Treasurer and High Chamberlain to Cardinal Wolsey, in whose service he appears to have been succeeded by his namesake and connection, who was afterwards Earl of Southampton. William Fitzwilliam "of Geynspark Hall, in Essex," was knighted in 1513; he had a country house at Geyn Park before he took up his residence at Milton, where, in 1530, he entertained Cardinal Wolsey in the days of his disgrace.

An interesting account of the visit is given by Cavendish: "All things being furnished, my lord took his journey from Peterborough upon the Thursday in Easter week, to Master Fitzwilliams where he was joyously received, and had right worthy and honourable entertainment at the only charge and expense of the said Master Fitzwilliams all the time of his being there. The occasion that moved Master Fitzwilliams thus to rejoice of my lord's being in his house was, that he sometime being a merchant of London and sheriff there, fell in debate with the city of London upon a grudge between the aldermen of the bench and him, upon a new corporation that he would erect of a new mystery called Merchant Taylors, contrary to the opinion of divers of the bench of aldermen of the city, which caused him to give and surrender his cloak, and departed from London, and inhabited within the country; and against the malice of all the said aldermen and other rulers of the commonweal of the city, my lord defended him, and retained him into service whom he made first his treasurer of his house, and then after his high Chamberlain; and in conclusion, for his wisdom, gravity, port and eloquence, being a gentleman of a comely stature, made him one of the king's counsel, and he so continued all his life afterward. Therefore in consideration of all these





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PORCH AND BAYS ON THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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PART OF THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gratitudes received at my lord's hands, as well in his trouble as in his preferment, was most gladdest like a faithful friend of good remembrance to requite him with the semblable gratuity, and right joys that he had any

occasion to minister some pleasure, such as lay in his power to do."

There are still standing in the garden outside the walled garden the remains of two elm trees, under which it is said the



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THE STABLE WING AND THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Cardinal's tent was pitched; without doubt some of his followers must have been accommodated in that fashion, though the Cardinal himself was probably lodged within the mansion. The tradition goes that King Henry found fault with Fitzwilliam for entertaining his disgraced Minister, but that, when Fitzwilliam

explained that he had done so not from any disloyalty to his Sovereign, but from a sense of gratitude to the man who had helped to found his fortune, the King replied that he wished others showed the same spirit, knighted him and swore him of his Privy Council. As both these honours had previously been



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THE ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bestowed on Fitzwilliam, the last part of the story cannot be correct. Sir William was buried at Marholm Church under a well-executed canopied table tomb, to the left of the chancel he had rebuilt.

The third William Fitzwilliam was a distinguished man of his time. Through his mother, Anne Sapcote of Elton, he was related to Sir John Russell, the first Earl of Bedford, who took him under his protection on his entrance into Court. He was presented to Edward VI., by whom he was created Marshal of the King's Bench. From a lease granted to William Fitzwilliam, Esq., "one of the gentlemen of the King's chamber," of certain lands in Ireland on July 10th, 1547, it would appear that he had already at that time formed a connection with Ireland, which throughout a long life was the chief sphere of his labours. It was only between the years 1575 and 1588 that he was allowed

he died in 1599, and was buried, like his grandfather, at Marholm. One of the ablest of Elizabeth's viceroys, it has been said "it was his misfortune to be villified by his contemporaries and to be misrepresented in history."

By his wife Anne, daughter of Sir William Sidney and sister of Sir Henry, he left a successor, William, who married Winifred, the daughter of his neighbour, Sir Walter Mildmay of Apethorpe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was probably this William who added the Jacobean porch to the entrance front of the house, between his succession in 1599 and his death in 1618, when he was succeeded by a son, who was created the first Baron Fitzwilliam in the peerage of Ireland. The second lord's only daughter, Jane, married Sir Christopher Wren, but this close connection with the great architect had no influence on the fabric of the house, though the stables are of the date and manner of Wren. The third lord was advanced to be Viscount Milton and Earl Fitzwilliam in the peerage of Ireland. He it was who built the block of stables at right angles to the entrance front of the house, which bear the date 1690 on the pediment. A later date on a further building of stables is 1720, a year after the succession of John, the second Earl, who married Anne, daughter and sole heiress of John Stringer of Sutton in the county of Nottingham. This marriage brought, at any rate, one suite of furniture to Milton—the interesting gilt gesso suite with the Stringer crest, more fully described later; and it is most probable that the alterations to the grounds were the work of this Earl; but those to the house of William, the third Earl, who, like his grandfather, was a faithful adherent of the House of Hanover, and obtained the grant of all his titles in the peerage of England. He married Lady Anne Wentworth, daughter of the first Marquess of Rockingham, by which marriage his son inherited the vast estates of the Wentworth family in Yorkshire on the death of his maternal uncle, the last Marquess of Rockingham. Wentworth Woodhouse is now the seat of the head of the family, as Milton was left in 1857 by the fifth Earl to his younger son, George Wentworth Fitzwilliam, father of the present owner.

The oldest remaining part of the house as seen to-day is the north entrance front, with its three large bays, four smaller ones and the Jacobean porch. The general appearance of this façade is of late Elizabethan work, with its square-headed mullioned windows, but the two great bay windows that run up through two storeys have earlier flat pointed lights. There is no record of the existence of a previous house, and as these bays fit in with his time and the façade has the string-courses running uninterruptedly, it is reasonable to suppose the house was built by the first Sir William, and the square-headed lights inserted when the porch was added. The original windows were probably small, and the pleasantness of the large fashionable late sixteenth century ones was too apparent to be neglected. The semi-circular dormers behind the bays are, of course, part of the eighteenth century alterations. An addition of the date of the windows and porch was the large staircase which led from the dais giving access to the "Lord's lodgings," a block which ran out at right angles to the hall. The staircase and "lodgings" were swept away when the house was enlarged in the eighteenth century, but they appear in the old plan of the lay-out still extant at Milton, dated 1643. By this plan it appears the block to the left of the entrance door and the screens was the cellar, the kitchens occupying a block running out parallel with the "Lord's lodgings." The first great bay lighted the dais, then came the Parlour and "Drawing," now united in the present dining-room, then the "lodgings" and the chapel, which was lit by the last great bay. The stables and kitchen garden occupied approximately the same position as they do now; the moat round two sides, the "Hop groundes" and the "Pond Close," with its fish-ponds, testify to protection and home productions that have ceased to be provided for. Quick transit has rendered obsolete the old county saying



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A GARDEN GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to retire into private life, and during that time, as Constable of Fotheringhay Castle, he had another unpleasant duty thrust upon him—to attend the Commissioners during the trial and execution of Mary of Scotland. He had in this position opportunities of seeing the Queen and doing her apparently some kindnesses, which she gratefully acknowledged, and gave him as a token of her appreciation of his sympathy a portrait of her son James when a boy. Gunton describes the picture as "hanging at her Beds-head." On her last evening she distributed what possessions were left to her, but the family tradition is that this was given on the morning of her execution, possibly when Fitzwilliam met her at the foot of the staircase and, ever courteous, advanced and kissed her hand as she passed on her way to the hall. In 1588 he returned to Ireland for another six years, and only came back to Milton worn out and broken in health. There





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EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IRONWORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that "The Mayor of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger."

It was not till the last years of the seventeenth century that the alterations and additions began which have left Milton as we see it to-day. The earliest addition is the stable, whose broken front and projecting wings form the east side of the entrance front. Built of stone in a quiet, dignified manner, with moulded architraves and wooden cornice, this façade blends admirably with the Tudor work. It was a grievous pity to have allowed it to become smothered, as it was until recently, with destructive and monotonous ivy, and great credit is due to Mr. Fitzwilliam for having removed it. It seems impossible to emphasise often enough the pernicious effects of creepers on old buildings. A relentless war should be waged against ivy and ampelopsis, since no good building should have its lines obscured by these insidious destroyers, whose proper province is to bury out of sight the monstrosities of modern erections, and if destruction ensues to them, so much the better. On the other hand, dwarf flowering climbers, such as roses and clematis, are harmless, and even effective in their place, as likewise may be magnolias or photinias with their large bright leaves, or a pomegranate with its red shoots, for on many grey stone walls a little cheerful colouring adds life to the old work.

Further stable buildings were added by 1720, and to this period can be probably assigned the making of the walled gardens, the planting of the yew hedge and the erection of the fine ironwork gates, which are surmounted by the Fitzwilliam arms, with the wildmen supporters. The Earl's coronet over all dates them as put up after 1716, when the earldom was conferred on William, the third lord. The smaller iron gate near the house may be dated later if the ornament of opposed scrolls may be taken as two M's, which might commemorate the third Earl receiving the dignity of an English peerage as Baron Milton in 1742; the well-designed brick gateway is a piece of work that stands by itself at Milton. The orangery, at some distance from the house, is a characteristic example of early eighteenth century design.

There is no record as to the date of the garden front, which has hitherto been attributed to James Gibbs, who published in his *Book of Architecture* in 1728 two designs for an entirely new house at Milton. But as, according to the MS. account of that architect's life in the Soane Museum, Gibbs "made a great many designs for Lord Fitzwilliam's House near Peterborough, but that nobleman dying, they were not executed," the new building was not erected at the death of the second Earl in 1728. This, with the interior decorations of the whole house, must date from the lifetime

of the third Earl, who came of age in 1740 and married in 1744 the Wentworth heiress. The Rev. Kennet Gibson, in his parochial history of Castor and its dependencies, gives the date of the ballroom as 1747. The variety in the mantel-pieces and overdoors is remarkable—almost every room has doorways and overdoors and mantel-piece of pleasing



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SUNDIAL ON THE LAWN.

"C.L."

fancy and workmanship. Entering by the old Jacobean porch straight into the end of the hall, we find the shell of the Tudor apartment unaltered save for the sweeping away of the screens and dais. The walls are now lined with an eighteenth century coat of plaster, with framed sunk panels surmounted by an entablature and coved ceiling. The mantel-piece has

a wind-indicating dial. The tables standing on either side of the fireplace are good specimens of contemporary work, evidently designed in connection with the adjacent ornament. In the dining-room, with its Tudor bay windows, the low ceiling has light decorative work in the borders and corners, otherwise the room is plainly treated, saving for the sideboard alcove



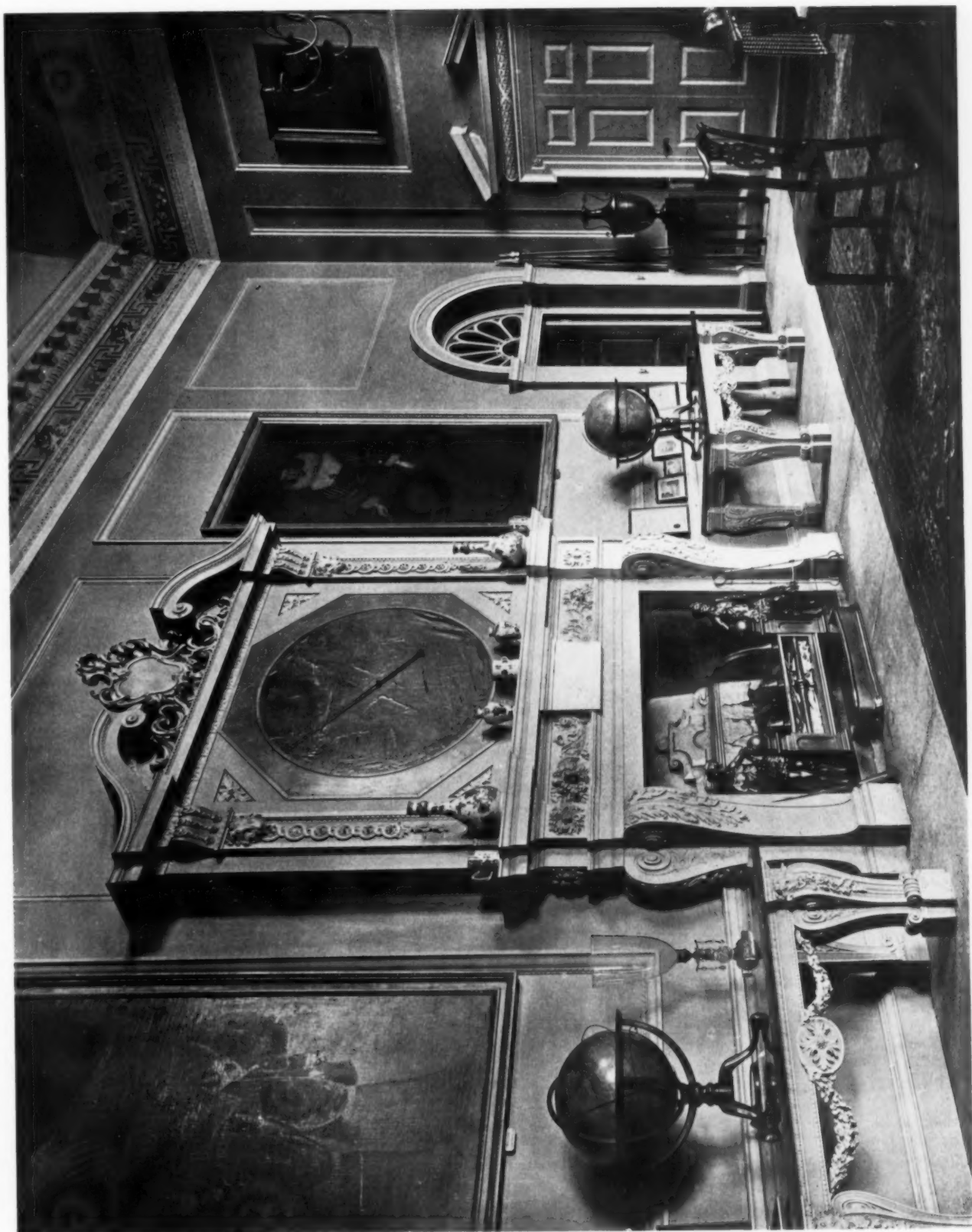
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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

its broken pediment filled with an escutcheon for arms; its upper part, instead of framing a picture, is filled in with a map of Europe as a base for the pointer of a wind-dial. The neighbouring house of Apethorpe has a similar pointer framed in a plainer mantel-piece. It was Isaac Ware who suggested, in his *Complete Body of Architecture*, that the blank space in the panel of a continued chimney-piece should contain

with its swags of foliage, leaving the wall surface for the exhibition of pictures. Over the library mantel-piece hangs one of several good mirrors of the English rococo school in the house, dating from 1750-60, on the right hand of which is seen the portrait of James I. before alluded to as given by his mother to Sir William. The principal staircase has a band of the Vitruvian Scroll running round at the height of the



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE FIREPLACE IN THE HALL.

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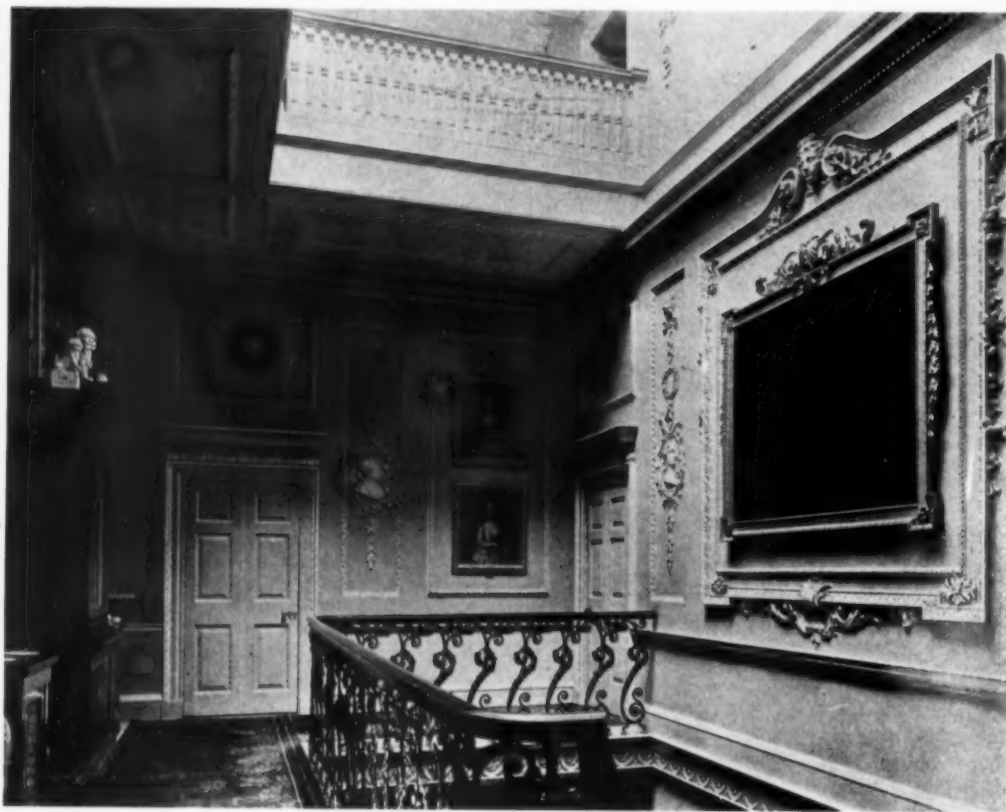
IN THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

first floor, and above it a large decorative panel to exhibit a picture framed to accord with its surroundings; flanking

each side of this and on either end of the landing are long, narrow panels containing foliage and a medallion of a head as at Mawley and Barnsley. The iron balustrade of this staircase is of the same pattern as that in the Great Hall at Holkham.

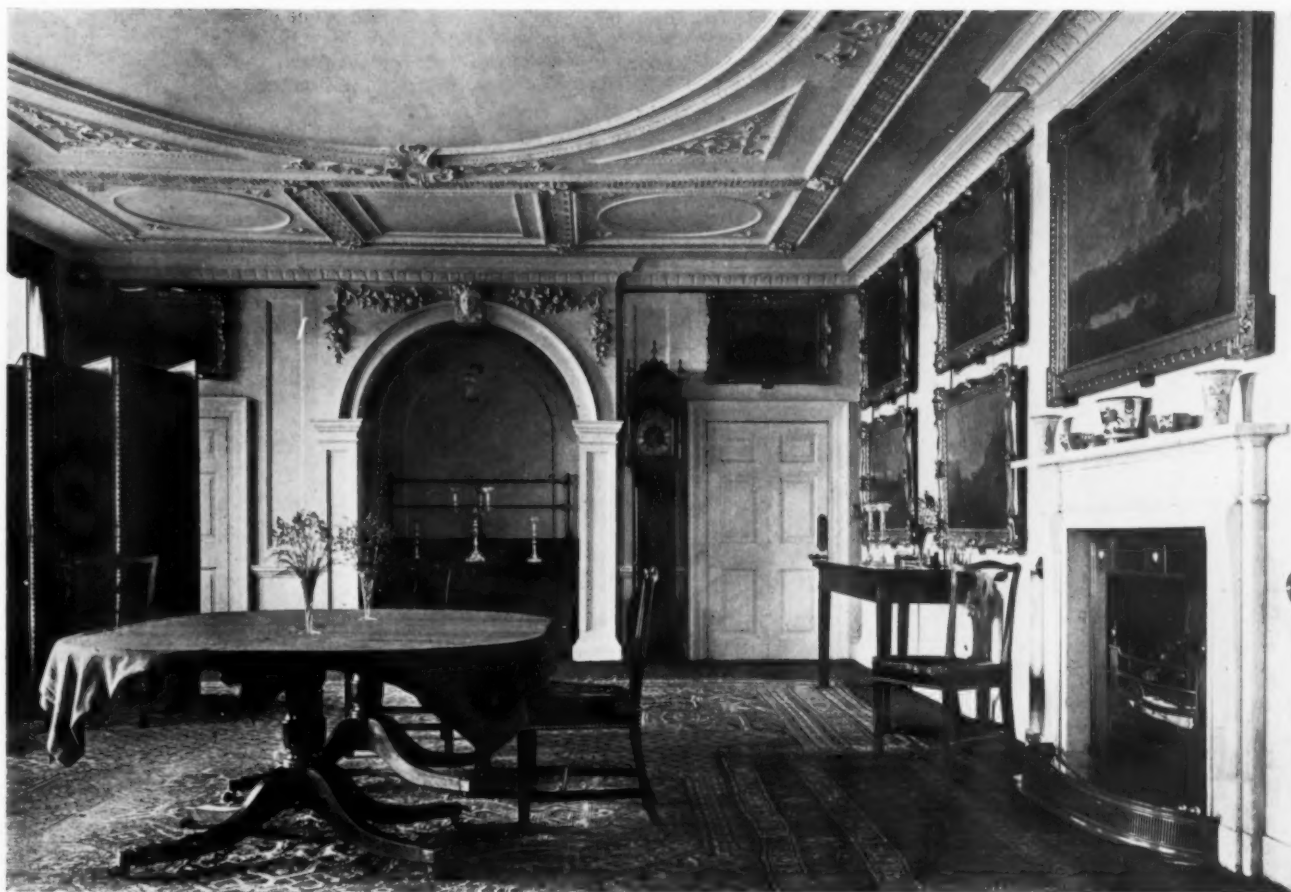
Undoubtedly the finest room in Milton is the Ballroom, a really noble apartment of which the illustration hardly expresses its spaciousness and the sense it gives of just proportion. Among the treasures preserved here is the ancient scarf which has been used for many generations at the christening of the heirs of the Fitzwilliams. If the Ballroom is the finest, the boudoir is the most charming room in the house; it can hardly be called a "Chinese" room, like the better-known examples at Nostell and Badminton—though it owes much of its quality to the Oriental paper, which is undoubtedly a later addition—the ceiling, woodwork and fine mantel-piece showing no trace of *chinoiserie*. The paper, which had in the course of time become split and peeled off in places, Mr. Fitzwilliam has wisely caused to be skilfully repaired by a Japanese craftsman.



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ON THE LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



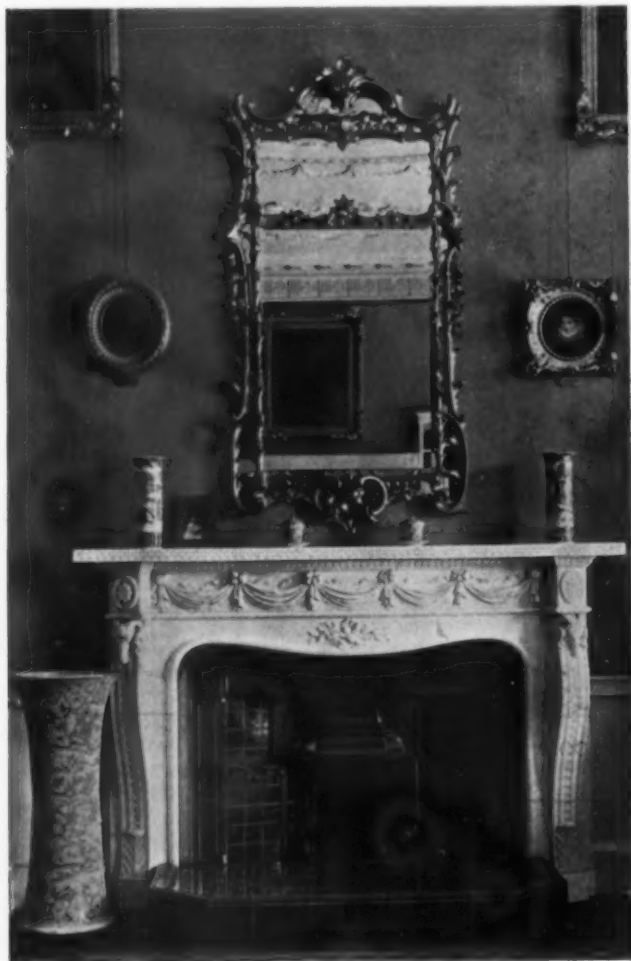
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THE BOUDOIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The well-known Fitzwilliam pack of hounds, which its owners have kept from the latter half of the eighteenth century, was an inducement to keep Milton as a winter residence after Wentworth was added to the family estates in 1782. It is, perhaps, owing to the circumstance of Milton becoming the secondary place that it has remained so little changed since the

blood. The pack at Milton is one of those from which, together with Belvoir and Brocklesby, the modern foxhound has been bred. These hounds have from their earliest days been famous for their intelligence, resolution and stamina, qualities they retain in undiminished excellence to the present day. As the Belvoir and Brocklesby have always been in the possession of



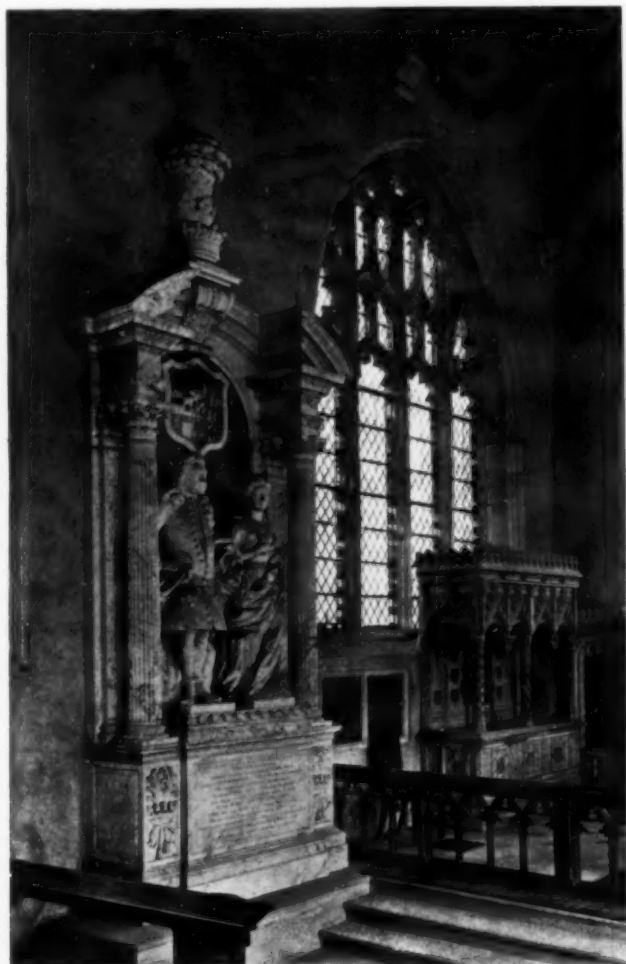
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A MANTEL-PIECE.

"C.L."

days of the third Earl, and has no unfortunate modern additions that we would wish away.

In the picturesque kennels in the park is kept the famous pack of hounds, which trace back their pedigrees to 1760. There were still earlier records, but these were burned. At all events, there are kennel books in existence at Althorp which show that the pack at Milton was of established reputation in 1767, for about that date the first Earl Spencer owed some of the marked improvement in the Pytchley pack to the introduction of Milton



THE MONUMENT OF THE FIRST EARL.

the families of Manners and Pelham, so, though others may have managed the Hunt, no one but a Fitzwilliam has ever owned the Milton Hounds. And if the pack has had no change of owners, scarcely less remarkable is the long service of the huntsmen. There were but three in a century, and all men of note—Will Dean, Tom Sebright and George Carter, the last-named preserving with loyal care the character and quality of the hounds during the long minority of the present Master. A. D.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE book of the week is undoubtedly *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the years 1832 and 1840*. Two volumes. (John Murray.) It is published by the authority of the King and edited by Viscount Esher. The book is prefaced by a biographical essay which is at once a model of good writing and discretion. The matter of the book is unique. Queen Victoria began keeping a journal when she was a little girl of thirteen and younger than her years. Until the death of William IV. she did not come into contact with any of the great minds of her time, and those diaries are accurately described in the following passage:

The Queen makes no attempt to analyse character or the meaning of events. She never strives after effect. Her statements are just homely descriptions of everyday life and plain references to the people she meets at Kensington or at Windsor. If the young Princess sees a play that pleases her or hears a song that touches her, she says so. If the Queen hears something said that strikes her as original or quaint, the saying is put on record. She is not writing for the historian. She writes for her own pleasure and amusement, although there

is always present to her mind a vague idea, common enough at the time, that to "keep a journal" is in some undefined way an act of grace.

Her first journal was commenced on August 1st, 1832. It was written in a small octavo volume half bound red morocco, and tells of her journey to Wales. Nothing could be simpler or more unpretentious than the style. She went by Regent's Park and Barnet and St. Albans to Dunstable. A very brief extract will show the character of the entries:

We have just changed horses at Dunstable; there was a fair there; the booths filled with fruit, ribbons, &c. looked very pretty. The town seems old & there is a fine abbey before it. The country is very bleak & chalky. 12 minutes to 12. We have just changed horses at Brickhill. The country is very beautiful about here. 19 minutes to 1. We have just changed horses at Stony Stratford. The country is very pretty.

If she could have looked forward to a time like the present when the means of locomotion and the character of the towns have entirely changed, she might have described the country more in detail. Occasionally we get glimpses, as of Powis Castle, "very old and beautiful; the little old windows jutting in and



out." There is a pretty picture of a hunt at Alton Towers, the seat of Lord Shrewsbury:

It was an immense field of horsemen, who in their red jackets and black hats looked lively and gave an animating appearance to the whole. They had a large pack of hounds and three huntsmen or Whippers-in. They drew a covert near here in hopes of finding a fox, but as they did not they returned and we got into the carriage with Lady Selina and Lehzen while all the huntsmen and the hounds followed. When we came to a field, they drew another covert and succeeded; we saw the fox dash past and all the people and hounds after him. The hounds in full cry. The hounds killed him in a wood quite close by. The huntsman then brought him out and cutting off the brush Sir Edward Smith (to whom the hounds belong) brought it to me. Then the huntsmen cut off for themselves the ears and 4 paws, and lastly they threw it to the dogs, who tore it from side to side till there was nothing left.

The journal of 1833 is greatly concerned with recreations, dinners, operas and, in fact, all the interests of a young girl whose eyes were just opening to the possibilities of life. Many people will turn at once to the diary for 1837, in which the Queen recorded the manner in which she received news of the death of William IV. and her accession to the Throne. But the most interesting passage has frequently been printed before. Interpolated in the entries are many amusing sayings of notabilities who have passed away, as, for example, this which Croker told her of the Duke of Wellington:

"It may seem like a joke which I am going to say, but it is quite true; the Scotch were pleased when the money arrived, the Irish when they got into a wine country, and the English when the roast beef came up."

The other references to Lord Wellington in the book leave the impression that the young girl did not get into full sympathy with the old soldier. In 1837 she writes:

I sat between the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis Conyngham. The former I thought looking very old, and silent and out of spirits. I think he does not feel *à son aise dans sa position*; he fears to displease his friends and does not wish to oppose the Ministry violently.

It was otherwise with "the excellent Melbourne," courtier and man of the world, and in every way a delightful member of society. As far as these diaries go they show that the Queen had not yet arrived at the time of life when one judges or draws conclusions. She simply records the events.

The virtue that is most apparent in these journals is that of discretion. It is evident that the Princess had been most particularly trained in all the etiquette proper to a Sovereign. She is careful to give one Minister exactly the same hearing as another, to suppress as far as possible all her own private likes and dislikes, and, in a word, to do the proper thing upon every possible occasion. It is typical of her mind that whereas some young girls going from function to function would inevitably have fixed an eye on a celebrity here and an oddity there, Victoria seems to delight most in giving lists of those whom she met. Such details must be of very great interest to their descendants. The chronicle of May 24th, 1833, her fourteenth birthday, although written at so early an age, is very characteristic. Later on the childishness, of course, passed away; but it is very pretty at this time of day to read the simple and unaffected pleasure with which she sets down a description of the presents she received and who gave them: "From Mamma a lovely hyacinth brooch and a china pen tray. From Uncle Leopold a very kind letter." The list of presents covers a couple of pages, and then comes the record of the evening party, wherein she sets down with delightful gusto the names of the partners with whom she danced. It ends triumphantly: "I danced in all 8 quadrilles. We came home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 12. I was VERY much amused."

These diaries finish in 1840, and the curious in style may very easily recognise in the last of them a plain development from the simplicity of the first. Monday, February 10th, was her wedding day, and the entry begins: "Got up at a  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 9—well, and having slept well; and breakfasted at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. 9." Then we hear about her Mamma giving her "a Nosegay of orange flowers," and how her hair was dressed and how she "saw Albert for the last time alone, as my Bridegroom," and this leads on to a very detailed account of the wedding. The chapter ends, and the book, very properly with Lord Melbourne's farewell:

he was a little tired; I would let him know when we arrived; I pressed his hand once more, and he said, "God bless you, Ma'am," most kindly, and with such a kind look. Dearest Albert came up and fetched me downstairs, where we took leave of Mamma and drove off at near 4; I and Albert alone.

Needless to say, the book is got up in the very best style of Mr. John Murray, and higher praise could not be bestowed upon it. It is finely illustrated, and the most interesting pictures are the drawings by the Princess Victoria herself. She delighted in the use of her pencil in early days, and her sketches of Charles Mathews, Victoire Conroy, Gipsy Women, Luigi Lablache and others show that she had already attained no small accomplishment as an artist.

#### ETONIANA.

**Eton in the Seventies.** by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. (Smith, Elder.)

MR. A. D. COLERIDGE wrote a few years since an entertaining book called "Eton in the Forties," and fired by this example his cousin, Mr. Gilbert Coleridge, has now written of his own decade, the seventies, in a book which makes no pretensions to being history, but is very pleasant gossip. He has had the help of the present Head-master, and also of Lord Curzon and Mr. Arthur Benson, who deal with "Pop" and the Literary Society respectively. Such chapters as that on the Fourth of June will perhaps interest the stranger rather than the Etonian, who needs little description of what he knows so well. He will prefer that which may appear a little trivial or inexplicable to others, the stories of the masters, many of whom belonged also to his own time, and of those queer characters, Joby Brown, Califane and the whole race of sock-cads, who have had their counterparts at Eton through all the ages. The impression left on the mind of one who belonged to the nineties, and was perhaps of a contemptibly law-abiding character, is that those of twenty years before were truly desperate blades. There are some thrilling stories of adventures at Windsor races—two boys once attended disguised as nigger minstrels—and the author himself, in the impenetrable disguise of a false moustache, once rode a high bicycle right through Eton and Windsor and so to Ascot. It is cheering to know that he met with no mishap, took off the moustache in the friendly shelter of the railway arches and so safely home to an unsuspecting tutor. The most exciting of these escapades is that described as "The Storming of Windsor," wherein, in order to taste the joys of a contested election, the boys rushed a phalanx of masters on Windsor Bridge. Their subsequent adventures are minutely and thrillingly described. One band only escaped by dropping from the Castle terrace into the Queen's private garden and thence into Reid's brewery, ultimately getting home again through the aid of a friendly drayman, while one small boy actually swam the river, tall hat and all, and reached the rafts in safety. There are some pleasant stories about chapel, such as that of the abrupt and unintended ending of one of Provost Goodford's unconscionable sermons through his rashly beginning one of the heads of his discourse by the words "And now." There is, too, an amusing account of the contest between the Head-master and the organist on one side and the boys on the other, the former determined to introduce a new chant for the 136th Psalm, the latter equally resolved not to be robbed of their prerogative of bellowing, "For His mercy endureth for ever." Altogether the book has clearly given Mr. Coleridge much pleasure in the writing, and the trusty old quotation, which he cannot resist, "Forsam et haec olim meminisse juvabit," should also be justified from the reader's point of view.

#### SPORT.

**Wild Sport and Some Stories.** by Gilfrid W. Hartley. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

"WILD SPORT AND SOME STORIES" is a companion volume to "Wild Sport with Gun, Rifle and Salmon Rod," published some years ago. In a sense it may be called a sequel; but it is not, as is often the case with sequels, laid down by the reader with a feeling of disappointment. There was much that was good in Mr. Hartley's first book, but there is more in the volume now before us. "Some Stories," "Sir Simon's Courtship" and "Lamela," though the sporting thread which holds them be thin, are yet pleasantly and attractively written. We must confess, however, that we should have preferred two more after the style of the preceding chapters, in a book devoted to sport. It is too often the case that in books of this kind a sense of atmosphere is sacrificed to meticulous precision of detail. Mr. Hartley tells us in his preface that he gives "faithful accounts of actual days' sport." He does far more. He carries his reader with him, which is the whole art of good descriptive writing. His "salmon" is worthy to rank with Bromley-Davenport's famous chapter in "Sport." "I wish," he says in his account of the struggle, "I could make those who do me the honour of reading this account feel the responsibility and consuming interest of the next few minutes." It may be some satisfaction to him to know that he gave a non-fisherman some moments of acute anxiety until, in fact, "Mons got in the gaff." The author is not only a fisherman, but a keen shot and a genuine lover of Nature, who possesses the gift of being able to express his thoughts in a manner which gives his book a very pleasant literary flavour without in any way detracting from its value from a sporting point of view. His chapter on "Snipe and Wildfowl Shooting in the West of Ireland" is excellent. "An Irish Deer Forest," with its enormous heavy-weights and fine heads, will be read with interest by all stalkers. It is a pity that the measurements of the heads are not given. Mr. Hartley, however, is at his best in two delightful chapters, "Meditations in a Deer Forest" and "Tales of a Forest." He mentions the well-known case of a poor fellow in Ross-shire who was killed by a tame stag, and another in which a semi-wild stag made a particularly determined assault on a "heavily-built illicit distiller," who only just saved himself. He concludes this chapter with some quotations from Duncan Ban Macintyre, an old, untaught Highland forester, who, nevertheless, in the author's words, "was able to describe in fitting, and very often beautiful, language the splendid country in which he lived." His "Last goodbye" to the hills is most touching and pathetic. "The Handley Cross Novels," in conclusion, shows the author as a discriminating literary critic as well as a sportsman. There are a frontispiece by G. D. Armour, "The Pass of Brander" by Fred Noel Paton and "Ben Cruachan," by Miss I. M. Hartley, in colour; a black-and-white drawing of the Steyn River, Norway, by G. E. Lodge; eight line blocks (that on page 10 the best) and a number of half-tone blocks. In conclusion, we can thoroughly recommend this delightful book, and hope that when next Mr. Hartley finds himself in a deer forest he will continue to meditate.

#### OLD-WORLD PLACES.

**The Lushei-Kuki Clans.** by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Shakespear. (Macmillan and Co. Published under the orders of the Government of Eastern Bengal and Assam.)

THIS volume deals with certain tribes living towards the north-east corner of the Bay of Bengal, namely, the inhabitants of the Lushai Hills and the Kuki, certain closely-allied clans with well-marked characteristics, belonging to the Thibeto-Burman stock. The author has limited himself to giving "as accurate

a description as possible of the people, their habits, customs and beliefs." He has admirably fulfilled his task. The book deals fully with the domestic life, religion, language, families and branches of the Lushei clans. The non-Lushei clans are divided into five groups: (1) The clans which live among the Lusheis and are included in the term Lushai; (2) clans with a separate corporate existence, but much influenced by the Lusheis; (3) the old Kuki clans; (4) the new Kuki or Thado clan; (5) the Lakhers (called by themselves Mara), immigrants from the Chin hills, where all these tribes had their original habitat. There are many stories and folk-lore belonging to the different tribes which it is interesting to compare, and notes on the native methods of hunting game. Lieutenant-Colonel Shakespear writes clearly and concisely. A bibliography and map are

## THE CARE OF HUNTERS.

THE life of a hunter in good hands can be as enjoyable as one as falls to the lot of an animal. Strenuous work is expected of him certainly, but it is lightened by excitement and accompanied by the greatest of care and the best of food, which are certainly most important items in the limited outlook of such an animal as the horse. This is supposing that his owner or whoever has charge of him cares for him intelligently and makes it a labour of love. At this season,

when regular hunting begins, many people who at other times take small, or at best spasmodic, interest in their horses begin again the intimate daily association with them which hunting brings. For one reason or another many hunters are left during the summer months largely to the care of servants, "turned rough," or "out to grass," as the case may be, and more or less forgotten. An inspection is probably held when they are "taken up." Then another period elapses, during the earlier time of conditioning, when the long hours of slow work on the road offer little attraction to even the most ardent equestrian, so that unless some mishap is reported much is left to the groom in charge. Should this individual be an expert in his profession, as he is undoubtedly in some cases, the single-handed management may be quite satisfactory; but should he be the ignorant rule-of-thumb kind of person, which is not

uncommon, especially in the small stable, the result to the horse may be anything but good. To the man who lives in the country and to whom the care of his horses is a matter of thought and



A HUNTING MORNING.

included, four illustrations in colour by Mrs. Shakespear and many photographs. The work is dedicated to "Thanghaira"—Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Lewin—"the fruits of whose labours I was privileged to reap, and who, after an absence of nearly forty years, is still affectionately remembered by the Lushais."

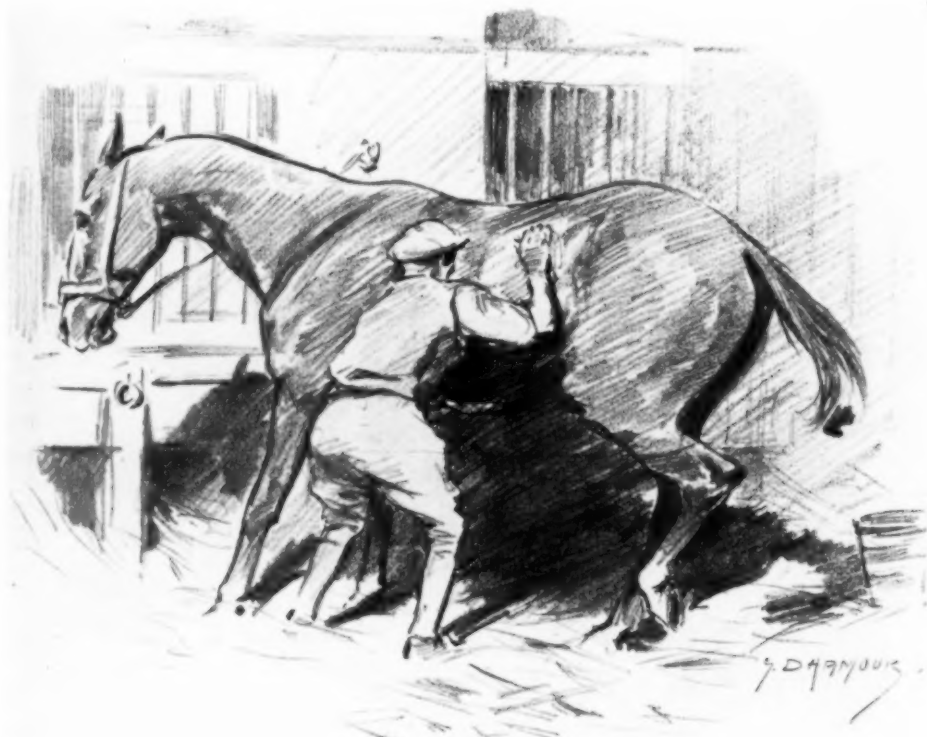
### ARCHITECTURE.

**British Cathedrals:** One hundred illustrations, with an Introduction by John Warrack. (Otto Schultze.)

THIS is a useful little introduction to the study of our cathedrals. Mr. Warrack, in his few pages of text, has attempted only to establish the atmosphere in which these monuments of mediæval art should be examined. He sketches the development of design in its main outlines with reference to the social and ecclesiastical conditions which favoured the distinctive growths of succeeding centuries. We cannot follow Mr. Warrack in his presentation of the thirteenth century priest using stained-glass windows as a text for the simple and unlettered flock which he collected round them. This idea of "biblia pauperum" is attractive, but is somewhat blown upon. Mediæval iconography is very complicated, and the modern student is inclined to the view that no one but learned ecclesiastics understood the significance of the pictures and sculptures. Mr. Warrack has so facile a pen that he does not escape the charge of "fine writing." A greater austerity of phrase would sometimes be more effective, but the merit of the book is that the writer's enthusiasm is infectious.

**Old Towns and New Needs;** also the Town Extension Plan: being the Warburton Lectures for 1912, Delivered by Paul Waterhouse, M.A., and Raymond Unwin, F.R.I.B.A. Illustrated. (Manchester: At the University Press.)

THESE two papers show what can be accomplished by means of the Town-Planning Bill, if it is put into operation intelligently by town councils and city corporations. One of the surest signs of the awakening from the deadly, squalid, mid-Victorian lack of idealism which has produced the nightmare horror of our modern cities, is this passing of a Bill in the interests of the whole community and in the teeth of the rather stupid opposition of a very powerful class.



GETTING THE MUD OFF.

consideration all through the year, it would be presumptuous to offer suggestions; but nowadays there is a large class of people who hunt who live quite "un-horsey," and possibly far from their stables

and sometimes hunting from town, who would do well to supervise their stable management somewhat more.

In the case of the ignorant or absent Master, and the equally ignorant and probably complacent servant, the lot of the hunter is by no means the ideal one it might be. Many excellent books have been written on the subject, the following of which would leave little to be desired; but in spite of all that has been written on the subject, grooms still stick to their old traditional methods. Take, for instance, the temperature of stables: how few servants will give their horses enough air? How many horses come out of a hot, stuffy stable to stand about at a covert-side in biting wind and every condition of winter weather? This is "asking for trouble." It is much easier to make horses look sleek and shiny in a warm stable, and this, so far as I can see, is the sole reason for keeping them in such an atmosphere. They would be invariably better in a cold stable, care being taken that sufficient heat was supplied them by means of good rugs. In the case of human subjects the open air has been found the only remedy for the cure of lung troubles. How much more certainly something of the kind could be used as a preventive of the things that lead to these troubles. Taking my own small experience during a tenancy of three different stables, one of which faced west and the other two south, I have for a period



WELL-EARNED REST.

of upwards of ten years never let a stable door be shut night and day. When there were such things as halved doors the top half has been left open. During that time I have never had a horse



THE LOOSE-BOXES.



with a cold and cough excepting once, when infection of a very bad kind of influenza was brought by a visiting horse. One pony took this, but recovered in the course of a week (in the open air), while many others in the neighbourhood nearly died.

Another favourite fad of grooms is washing the legs of horses that come in from hunting. This, in the opinion of many good judges, often leads to mud fever, and in any case is quite unnecessary, as a brush will do the work quite as well, though it may entail the groom's taking a good deal longer over the job. To hurry this a much better plan is to loosely bandage the legs with some old woollen bandages, when the internal heat will quickly dry the mud and render its removal easy.

While on the subject of the time it takes to "put the horse straight," it might be mentioned that, in the case of a very exhausted horse, as has sometimes to be dealt with, a little mud left on till the next day is of much less importance than worrying him too much to get it out of the parts when he is probably sensitive. When one sees how well horses turned out will do when well fed, there need be no fear that a little mud will deprive them of rest. I always think that thirst is what horses suffer from most of all, and the quicker, after galloping is over, this can be attended to, the better. No doubt it is unwise to let an exhausted and thirsty horse fill himself with ice-cold water whenever he reaches home, but if he can be supplied on his way home with a few

mouthfuls by the roadside or elsewhere, he will be all the better for it, and more ready to relish his food.

The usual practice of giving gruel at once on his return to his own stable is excellent, especially when it is made with the liquor of well-stewed linseed, which, being cooked, is no doubt easily digested nourishment as well as drink. With enough grooming to make the horse comfortable, care to see that his ears are dry and warm and that he has ample heat supplied by good woollen rugs, the more air there is in the stable, the more quickly he will recover from fatigue. The matter of dry, warm ears cannot be exaggerated, and I always think that in the question of comfort they correspond to the feet of the human being. The groom's visit to the stable last thing at night is a good practice, as he will sometimes find that a horse that was made comfortable some hours before has broken out again, and a few minutes spent upon pulling his ears afresh may make all the difference to his comfort during the night. A little more hay, or even an extra feed, will sometimes be of great benefit. I remember hearing, some years ago, that a great Clydesdale owner, when preparing his show horses, kept a night feeder on duty all the time; his object, of course, was different from that of the hunter-owner; but I have often wondered if, in the case of a hunter that went light in flesh during work, some plan of this kind would help him to carry condition throughout the season.

G.

## ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### THE RULES OF GOLF COMMITTEE AND THE GOLFING PUBLIC.

FOR some reason the impression has—I will not say got abroad, for that would suggest a far wider credence than has been given it—but has been mooted in certain places that the Rules of Golf Committee and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews have formed some kind of conspiracy of silence, so that the outer world of golf may be kept in the dark as to their doings. It is suggested that there is difficulty in finding out exactly what decision has been arrived at in any case under consideration. The motive that either or both of these more or less respectable bodies can have for creating an atmosphere of mystery is not assigned, but the impression sought to be conveyed is as I have stated it.

Now, in order to dispel all suspicion of this kind which

may doubtfully linger in the minds of any who have read the articles that elect to put forward this view of the matter, it will probably be only necessary to state just what the method is which is adopted by the chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee in regard to publication to the Press of alterations in the rules so soon as these have been sanctioned by a general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club. It will be remembered that until they receive that sanction their authority is only temporary. Naturally the meetings themselves are not attended by any except members of the club, but the representatives of the Press are admitted into the club committee-room, and then, so soon as the meeting is over, the chairman of the Rules Committee waits upon them and informs them of all matters affecting the rules which have come before the meeting on that day. When any motion of special importance is brought before the meeting by the Rules Committee he has this motion written out, or typed out, to read to the meeting, and afterwards takes this typed document into the committee-room and reads it to the representatives of the Press there waiting. Any that pleases may make a copy from it.

That is the mode of procedure. Is it to be said that there is herein any wrapping up in mystery of the decisions which have lately been arrived at? Does it not rather, on the contrary, show a conspicuous zeal to inform the public, in the quickest and fullest manner, of all points that can interest them?

If anyone can suggest any mode in reason by which the information they might wish to hear can be conveyed to them by some more effectual, more immediate or more satisfactory way, I am perfectly certain that the committee and the club would be only too ready to adopt it. They have not the slightest wish to keep any point in their discussions or their decisions dark. Why should they? It appears to me, rather, that the chairman deserves much thanks for the pains that he goes out of his way to take in order that the public may be informed as soon and as fully as possible, and I have the very best authority for saying that if any member of the Press has a difficulty in understanding a decision or an alteration, he has only to write up to the Rules Committee and his letter will receive immediate attention and reply. And this touches a point in which those who have made the recent complaint about the reticence, as it has pleased them to call it, of the authorities at St. Andrews have acted in a way that certainly does not leave those authorities themselves without some very good ground for complaint. It was stated that there was difficulty in obtaining information; it was asserted that the public was being kept in the dark; it was even hinted that this veil of mystery was purposely (though for what purpose was certainly not explained) drawn over the deliberations and their outcome; and all these assertions, most singular to say, were made by some of those who had not even been at the very ordinary pains to address a single letter of enquiry to the Rules Committee or to any authority at St. Andrews! It is of this that complaint is made at St. Andrews, and surely not without justification. However, it were well that the dead past should bury its dead. Fault-finding does no good unless a mode of mending the fault



MR J. R. GAIRDNER.

be indicated at the same time. But the purpose of this short essay is to make clear in the first place that the Rules Committee, which does a mighty lot of hard work for the game during the course of the year, has never been guilty in the past of those faults of "reticence" with which it has been charged; and, in the second place, that the authorities at St. Andrews are perfectly willing to consider favourably any suggestions that can be offered whereby their proceedings may be rendered more readily accessible, if that be possible, and more satisfactory in the future to any public that has an interest in them.

In chief part, the purpose of the chairman in giving this personal attendance on the representatives of the Press is that he may be able to answer the questions which it may occur to any of them to put to him on points in the decisions or in the motions which do not appear to carry their meaning expressed clearly on their face. This, again, is a purpose which does not seem to accord with that impression which has been falsely conveyed, that either the committee or the club desires to shroud its doings in a mist somewhat analogous to that "easterly haar" which so often drapes St. Andrews and all the small kingdom of Fife. It is really, on the face of it, ridiculous to think that the ruling body of the game could have any wish to keep their decisions secret or to mystify the public which they affect. They can have no conceivable motive for mystery, and I only hope that these few lines may serve to show that, far from having attempted any concealment in the past, they have done all that was thought necessary in order to ensure quick and full publication of their doings. And what they have done in the past they are prepared to do in the future also—and better still if any better way can be suggested to them.

H. G. H.

## MR. J. R. GAIRDNER.

MR. JOHN GAIRDNER may be described to-day as a North Berwick golfer, since he plays a great deal of golf on the links of the Lothians and, more is the pity, plays very little anywhere else. He was born, however, not at North Berwick, but St. Andrews, while a few years ago he was best known as being almost invincible at Sudbrook Park. Incidentally, in the days when he played at Richmond he presided over the early stages of Mr. H. E. Taylor's golfing education, and he certainly has very good reason to be proud of his pupil. Mr. Gairdner would probably have done greater things even than he has done if he had not spent some of the best years of his golfing youth in such places as Odessa and Constantinople when there was no vestige of a golf course. As it is, though he is a very fine player indeed and has played successfully for his native Scotland, he has never really done himself full justice in the big events, such as championships, though he has won that of the South of Ireland. Of course he has won many medals that take a great deal of winning, and during this

last summer he was the only man who could check the triumphant march of Mr. Everard Martin Smith round North Berwick, beating him for the joint medal open to the different clubs there with a great round of 74. Mr. Gairdner is a peculiar player in that he stands perhaps more pronouncedly "open" than does any other first-class player. Seeing him in the distance one might often imagine from his attitude that he is playing a pitching shot, when he is in reality taking a full shot with a wooden club. This very open stance is one that leads generally to a forcing style, but Mr. Gairdner's swing is a delightfully smooth and leisurely one—a fact which probably has something to do with the consistently good golf he plays.



A CADDIE AT OBERHOF.

## THE GIRL CADDIE OF OBERHOF.

It appears that this charming little girl caddie of Oberhof may by next year be a very highly distinguished young lady indeed by reason of having carried the clubs of a Vardon or a Ray. Oberhof, which is in the Thüringerwald, is, so we read, going to outdo all other places, even Baden-Baden, in the magnificence of the prize-money offered for a great professional tournament. What kind of course Oberhof may be it is a little hard to discover, for the directory is very terse on the subject, describing it merely as "a course of 9 holes." These vast prizes to be played for on rather little courses raise a feeling of vague antagonism in our minds, but it is good fun for the professionals. B. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## AN UNUSUAL HYBRID.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to "Z's" letter on the above in your valuable paper, I think it may interest him to know we have this year bred two young hybrids, between a Burmese (muticus) peahen and either a nigripennis or a cristatus cock, we cannot tell which, as all our birds are at liberty in the grounds and park. We believe the young are cock and hen. The one we consider the male takes more after the mother, but the smaller one in shape and size, but not in colour, takes after the male parent. I also note that "Z" in his letter mentions that it is difficult to mate an ordinary peahen or a nigripennis hen with a white cock. We have several white and pied cocks here, as well as the ordinary and Burmese varieties, and for the last three years one nigripennis hen for certain has each year mated with a white cock, and here apparently they mix up anyhow. I may add we have an adult Burmese cock, so that the hen, of which we have three, was not driven to cross with the other kind.—POLITIMORE.

## AN OLD MILL IN SARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Under this heading an excellent photograph appeared in your "Correspondence" page of October 19th, depicting a millstone fixed on a rough wooden axle and running round a central pivot in a deep stone trough. This picture recalls to me exactly similar structures the remains of which are occasionally to be found, grass-covered and neglected, near farms in Aberdeenshire. These stone mills were in full use half a century ago, and were employed, especially in districts where the soil was light, in bruising whins for cattle food. Young furze shoots were cut, and, having been placed in the stone trough, were crushed until all trace of spininess had been removed. The resulting pulp formed a nutritious and highly attractive food for both horses and cattle. Whether farmers in Sark have ever found it necessary or expedient to utilise whins as cattle food I do not know, and I therefore hesitate to state that your picture in fact represents a whin-mill. But its remarkable likeness to one type of the Aberdeenshire whin-mill would lead one to suppose that it was used for the same, or at least for a similar, purpose. In any case, it is interesting to find that a similar type of implement existed at, one might almost say, opposite poles of the British Islands.—JAMES RITCHIE, Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

## DESTRUCTION OF GRILSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been greatly puzzled during this autumn to account for the destruction of a number of grilse in a river in the South of Ireland. The water

was very high during the months of July and August, but in September the river became exceptionally low, and the grilse, which were unusually numerous, became lodged in shallow pools, generally behind or at the side of rocks and tree stumps. On several occasions I noticed dead grilse lying on the bottom, and naturally concluded that they had been killed by others; but, at the same time, I was surprised, if such was the case, that the fish had not been removed from the river. I took out three or four of the fish which I could reach with a gaff. In every instance I found that the fish had been killed in the same way. A round hole, roughly speaking, from three-quarters of an inch to one and a-half inches in diameter had been, as it were, punched through the abdominal wall at or near the medial line of the belly of the fish at a point about halfway between the vent and the end of the gill cover. This hole was in each case circular in shape, and the edges were practically smooth. There was no other wound or mark of any kind on the fish, which were all hen fish, and, as far as I could judge, had been heavy with roe. In the case of one fish the roe was slightly protruding through the hole, but had apparently not been abstracted at all. This fish was lying at the top of a very shallow run, and the idea was conveyed to my mind that the fish had dashed up-stream after it had been attacked, and had died at the top of the reach. In the case of each of the other fish the roe had been completely cleaned out. A young schoolboy son of mine told me that he saw a large eel attack a grilse which was lying beside a rock and drive the grilse away. The fish were from four pounds to six pounds in weight. Any friends whom I have asked about the matter have suggested that these fish were killed by otters; but my invariable experience of otters has been that they take a fish out of the water and eat some part of the back or shoulder. The damage done must have been very considerable, as the river is a well-known and extensive spawning river with numerous branches, and only a very small portion of it came under my observation. Can any of your readers throw any light on the matter and thereby oblige—PUZZLED SUBSCRIBER?

[There is very little doubt that the creatures which bored a hole in the grilse, as mentioned, were lampreys. The "large eel" which the schoolboy is recorded as having seen attack and drive away a grilse was, no doubt, a lamprey, which fish he would be most likely to think an eel. The lamprey grows to thirty inches in length. The writer of the above letter does not mention the name of the river, and very likely is not himself aware whether lampreys are found in it; but the lamprey is a widespread fish, and probably comes up many a river where it is not suspected, being mistaken, as by the schoolboy quoted, for an eel—to which it is, in fact, closely allied. It is an anadromous fish, but its chief peculiarity (apart from its claim to fame as having been the cause of the death of King Henry I., from a "surfeit," as the history books term it, of lampreys)



is that it has a sucker for a mouth, by which it attaches itself pneumatically to the flesh of other fish and, by a saw-like movement of its teeth, bores in, eating as it goes, and often causes death. The incapacity of the fish that is the host to get rid of its parasite is singular enough. Sea-fish seem to be the more usual prey of the lamprey, but Rhine salmon have been taken a long way up with these suckers attached to them. The lamprey ascends rivers to spawn on its own account (not as a mere passenger) in the spring.—Ed.]

#### THE GRADING OF FRUIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Like "A Great Dealer in Fruit," I was also much interested by your articles about the reason why small growers in the country receive such poor prices. Your original correspondent has hit the nail on the head. When I first came to live in the country, I could not understand the reason why apples made only about two shillings and sixpence a bushel, and on enquiry was always told that it was "because there were so many"; but a truer answer would have been "because there were so few—so few of the right sort sent to market in the right way." Ever since I made the discovery I have tried to put it before my neighbours, but in the country we are very, very slow at taking in any new idea. A fruit-grading station was tried at Hereford, and I went to see it; but it was badly supported and had to be given up. No doubt one day we shall wake up, and a happy augury is your advocacy. You will see by the accompanying pamphlet that I have tried to do what I can, and, indeed, I have also started two co-operative societies, one a credit society, because I felt that the English clergy should do for the English country districts what the clergy abroad have done for theirs; but if you will take the matter up, then there is some hope of it being taken in hand more quickly. The real want in the country is brains. Agriculture and small holdings can never flourish as they might until they are organised like our big town industries.—COUNTRY PARSON.

[We thank our correspondent for the accompanying pamphlet, which is sound and interesting.—Ed.]

#### EGYPTIAN EWES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am forwarding a photograph of Egyptian ewes. These ewes are particularly fine specimens, beautifully marked with brown, and the ground colour is nearly white; the horns are long and tapering. They are all pure-bred, and are kept on Colonel Platt's estate near Llanfairfechan, North Wales.—G. H. R.

#### CONCERNING HEDGEHOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Ten days ago two hedgehogs, about six inches long, appeared in my garden. They came from under a summer-house, and drank milk from a saucer while we held it for them. This occurred on two consecutive days; then we did not see them for two days. The next day we found them apparently asleep on the garden path close to the summer-house. As it was raining heavily, we put them in a box, covering them well with hay and placing the box inside the summer-house. For three days they were sensitive to the touch, but now they are stiff and appear lifeless. Will you please tell me if this is their condition while hibernating or whether they are dead?—L. J. RADLEY.

[They evidently belong to a late brood, and we fear they are dead.—Ed.]

#### A QUESTION ABOUT LEVERETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If a hare delivers its young and deserts it, can the young see, run and eat or forage for itself within three days of its birth?—SOMERSET.

[A leveret deserted by its dam within three days of its birth could see and run, but would probably die of starvation, as leverets are suckled for a considerable time before beginning to nibble. On the last point, however, we have no experiment to go upon.—Ed.]

#### RATS AND WALNUTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just had the annoying experience of an organised raid by rats. Over a thousand walnuts, the produce of one large tree in my garden, were put to dry in a small conservatory. Rain came on and, as the roof leaked and some of the walnuts began to get damp, I moved all that were left, about six hundred to seven hundred, up into a boxroom at the top of the house. Here the walnuts were spread out on the floor in order that any damp ones might be thoroughly aired. Five days ago I had occasion to go into the boxroom, and found all the walnuts as I had left them. My bedroom is not exactly under the boxroom,

but during the last three nights I have been surprised to hear rats making a good deal of noise up above. It never occurred to me that they were after the walnuts, until I went up to the boxroom this morning and found a clean sweep had been made of the whole lot. The boarding in the boxroom is not carried quite up to the wall at one side, so that there is a free entrance to the space between the floor and the plaster of the ceiling below. I lifted two planks to see if the rats had stowed their booty under the floor, but found they had carried the whole of the walnuts further on, either under the flooring of the top rooms or between the hollow partition walls. Out of this large quantity of nuts I found only two—both bad ones. One, an obviously rotten one, had been left on the floor of the boxroom, the other, which had half of the green outer cover still adhering, had been carried a short distance under the floor. The rat which had taken it had obviously had suspicions as to the soundness of this particular nut, for it was bitten into at one end. The kernel proving to be bad, the rat had not troubled to carry the nut any further under the floor. There is a farmyard less than two hundred yards away where threshing has been going on busily during the past week. No doubt some of the disturbed rats have migrated to my house. The removal of six hundred to seven hundred walnuts to a hidden storing-place in five nights, or less, betokens excellent organisation on the part of the marauders. It is noteworthy that, save for the one which was tested and discarded, not a single walnut was broken and eaten in the boxroom. My story would be much more interesting if I could give any idea of the number of rats engaged. I certainly heard rats scuttling about overhead on three different nights between October 17th—when the walnuts were all right—and October 22nd, when they were gone. Two or three rats, working steadily for three nights, could undoubtedly have effected the clearance. I have never yet seen a rat in my house, so that presumably there cannot be many of them. Two large box-traps

baited with cheese are now set on the scene of the raid.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

#### CURIOUS SAVOY LEAF.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I beg to enclose a curious leaf picked from a savoy this morning from a cottage garden. It has been seen by several gardeners about here, but none of them has seen a similar freak.—GEORGE JEFFERY, Southampton.

[The curious cup-shaped growth on the savoy is very interesting but not very uncommon. Similar growths occur on many members of the cabbage family; sometimes they are small, many occurring on a leaf; sometimes large and, as in this case, involving the whole leaf. They are always

accompanied by some derangement of the internal structure of the leaf, but what is the direct cause is not known. It looks rather as though something in the way of exuberant growth of tissue inside the leaf finds an expression outside in these peculiarities. Season seems to have nothing to do with their occurrence, for they appear alike in wet and dry seasons. They are not to be confounded with "blindness," which is usually the result of an attack of a minute fly.—Ed.]

#### CHURCH BELL SUPERSTITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to "A Church Bell Superstition" mentioned in your "Correspondence" of October 26th, I can tell your correspondent of an old Lincolnshire lady, who died some years ago at the age of ninety-seven, whom I have often heard say: "There'll be a death in the parish before long—church clock's striking doley!" Nothing would shake her belief in this "doley" or doleful striking as an omen or portent of evil. She had believed it to be such all her long life, and I am bound to say that on several occasions after events seemed to confirm it as such.—M. L. DUNCOMBE-ANDERSON, Whitwell Hall, Reepham, Norfolk.

#### HABITS OF STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

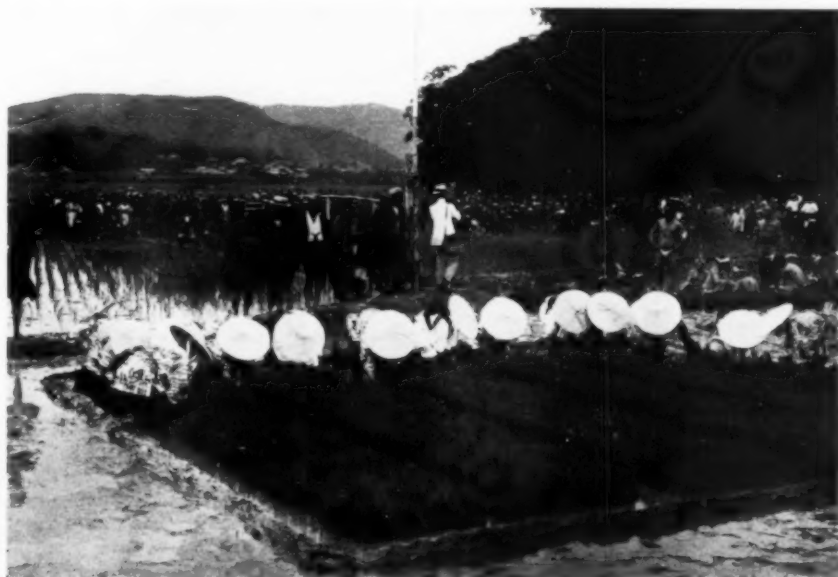
SIR,—I should be glad to know if any of your readers can tell me if they know the truth of the statement made by several countrymen round my home that starlings only mate once, and that if anything happens to one of the pair they never mate again. For four years a little colony of starlings has been a great joy to me about my house; their sweet whistling all through the autumn and sunny winter days is as valuable in its way as the thrushes' song in May. Their habits are as regular as clockwork—at any time after daybreak they sit on the high chimney-stacks of the house to catch the first beams of the sun; there they will sit and chatter and whistle until the fires are lighted and they take themselves off to the low roofs of the stables close by, which by then are sunlit also. There are from six to ten of this colony, one bird easily recognised as being the same that has lived here for at least four years, as he is very lame, but "hirls" about cheerfully on lawn or tree and holds his own with the rest. In the spring, after nesting-time, they disappear entirely, but come back at the end of August, last year mimicking plovers' cries so well that I often looked



EGYPTIAN PURE-BRED EWES IN WALES.



up to see if one was not flying over the garden (so I imagined they had taken their holiday on the moors!). This year they have returned, copying the seagulls' cry of "hua-hua-hua" (said quickly). All the rest of the day they follow the sun round from tree to tree, gossiping and chattering and evidently telling the most outrageous stories, which are almost invariably received by the listening starling with a "when" (all down the gamut) whistle of total disbelief, and then he starts a story of his own! Now please what are these starlings? Siberian, Dutch or "old English"? They seem to have no dealings with the flocks



THE LIVING SPIRIT OF PIETY IN JAPAN.

of other starlings that appear every winter, and come and help themselves at my bird tables. I look up ornithological works and find I must look to see which have got purple, or green, or black heads, and then tell thereby; but I ask anyone, if they be honest, can they with truth say the colour of the whole starling, let alone its head, when the bird changes like a chameleon, according to the light he is in, every second; can, therefore, any learned person tell me from the above accounts of their habits what my friends are, as I believe the old "green-headed" English bird is supposed to have been driven out from the Midlands by the alien lot?—FELS D'ADAM.

#### "THE LAST ELEVEN AT MAIWAND."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose an account of the Maiwand disaster, in answer to your correspondent's enquiry. The account is mainly as I heard it from the lips of a survivor, who was serving with the battery at the time and helped to bring the guns out of action. The engraving in the possession of "Sigma" represents an incident in the disastrous battle of Maiwand, fought on July 27th, 1880. For your correspondent's information I give the following short account of the engagement and of the circumstances which led up to it. After the deposition of Yakoub Khan and the enthronement of Abdur Rahman Khan as Amir of Afghanistan, the troops who had been despatched to Kabul to avenge the murder of the Envoy, Sir Louis Cavignari, and to occupy the country until order was restored, prepared to leave the capital and return to India, a division of British and native troops remaining in Kandahar under Lieutenant-General Primrose of the Bombay Army. Hearing of the advance from Herat of Ayoub Khan, a near relative of the deposed Amir, a considerable portion of the garrison consisting of native troops, stiffened by the 66th (Berkshire) Regiment and E. Battery, B Brigade R.H.A. (at one time a unit of that splendid force, the Bengal Horse Artillery), was despatched under Brigadier-General Burrows to check his further progress. The column, numbering 2,476 fighting men, of whom about 1,000 were British, pushed on northwards and arrived at the river Helmund on July 11th. Hearing that Ayoub was fast receiving reinforcements, Burrows advanced to meet him, hoping to attack before their arrival. He reached Maiwand, eleven miles off, on July 27th, to find himself opposed by 25,000 Afghans, of whom 2,000 were cavalry, supported by ten guns. At 11.45 a.m. the enemy attacked, and the little column was soon irretrievably outflanked and surrounded. An onrush of thousands of fanatical Ghazis, mounted and on foot, threw the Bombay troops (not the best fighting material, at that time, in the Indian Army) into confusion, and they, with the camp-followers and baggage animals, were pressed back upon the small British force. The battery unlimbered and opened fire, but were forced, owing to heavy casualties in men and horses, to retire, two guns being lost. The 66th ("The Two Sixes," as they were called) resisted the onslaught until almost annihilated. The remnant then formed themselves into rallying groups, and fought with

heroic bravery until only eleven (one officer and ten men) remained standing and able to use their arms. The colours were lost after the most gallant efforts were made to defend them. Lieutenants Olivey and Honeywood, who carried them, bore themselves like heroes, both being mortally wounded. The latter was heard to cry, holding the standard aloft, "Men, what shall we do to save this?" when he fell, as also did Sergeant-Major Cuphage, to whom they were then delivered. The last eleven died, I believe, to a man; but a few wounded survivors managed to find their way back to Kandahar. Of the force which advanced to the Helmund, over 1,300 were killed, wounded or missing; only 1,000 (mostly natives and men of the baggage rear-guard) made good their escape owing to the apathy of the Afghans in following up the retreat. This was ably covered by the remaining four guns of the battery, under Captain Slade, who succeeded to the command after Major Blackwood was killed. The account of the greatest disaster to our arms in Afghanistan since the first Afghan War is practically as I heard it, when a boy, from the lips of an old soldier-servant of my father's. The old fellow served as a non-commissioned officer with the R.H.A. Battery, and helped, wounded and exhausted by thirst, to bring the guns out of action on that fatal day. This latter fine deed is well portrayed in Mr. Caton Woodville's picture.—FESTINA LENTE.

#### FESTIVAL OF TRANSPLANTING RICE.

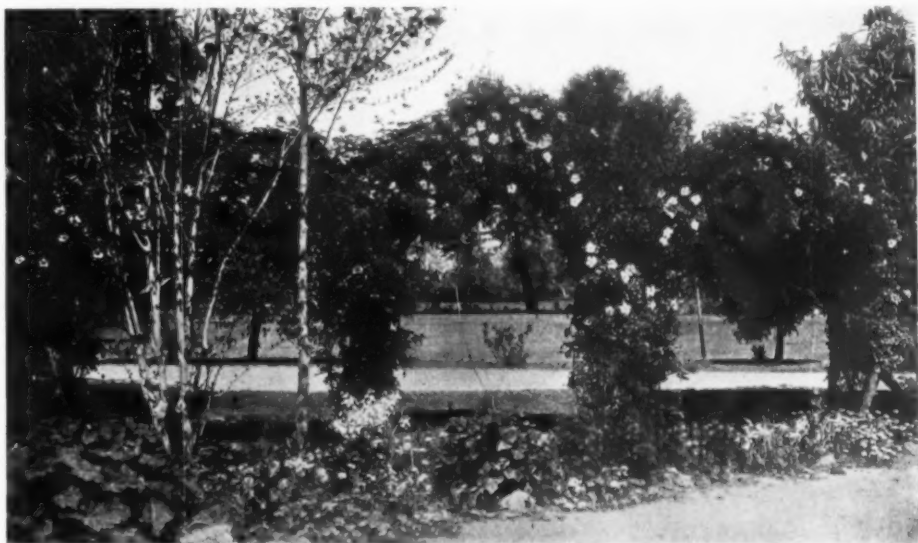
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Japan, at the time of transplanting rice to the field belonging to the *Shinto*-Shrine, farmers stop their work for the day and have a festival. This photograph shows the pious people plucking the young shoots to the merry tune of the country song, "Jane-Uta," while the villagers in the vicinity watch it with deep interest from far and near.—K. SAKAMOTO, Tsuji-kuru Cho, Yamada, Ise, Japan.

#### ROSA LÆVIGATA IN INDIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested to see in your issue of June 22nd the photograph of *Rosa lævigata* growing in England. It is, I should say, from the description, the same rose that grows in such profusion up on the North-West Frontier, where it goes by the name of the Mardan Rose, as Mardan is supposed to be its original home, I believe. In our garden in Peshawar it did remarkably well, and far from not requiring pruning, as Mr. Urnston finds in England, we had to cut it back literally yards every autumn. Out of one plant, which had only been struck from a cutting about two years before (I am not sure it was not less), we cut two trails over six yards long! It is a wonderfully strong climber, and I have never seen anything so lovely as this rose hanging in great festoons and trails, simply covered with its big, pure white flowers, from the highest trees in Mardan. The bloom, alas! lasts only a very short time; but the foliage alone makes it worth having in the garden, as it is evergreen, and when the leaves change they merely turn the most lovely pale gold colour and drop off, instead of withering as most leaves do. In case you may think it of sufficient interest to reproduce in your paper, I enclose a photograph that I took last March of this rose in our garden in Peshawar. The arches were only started three years before, and the plants have been heavily pruned each autumn, which gives some idea of how strong a grower this rose is in congenial soil and climate. It will by no means grow everywhere. Even up on the frontier and down here in Central India it will not do at all, never flowering



MARDAN ROSES IN PESHAWAR.

and merely making rather a weak growth of foliage. I should be very glad if you could tell me whether the rose in my photograph is the same as *Rosa lævigata* or not.—E. B. TUCKER, The Residency, Indore, Central India.

[The rose described by our correspondent is undoubtedly *Rosa lævigata*, or the Cherokee Rose; the smooth-edged, oblong foliage, seen in the photograph, proves this. We would advise her to plant *Rosa sinica* *Anemone*, which has similar foliage and very large, glistening pink flowers.—ED.]

## A NEST ON THE TOP OF A GEYSER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A curious choice of a nesting-place was made in July last by a pair of sparrows. They built at the inner end of the vent-pipe attached to a geyser which stood in the bathroom of a London house, the nest resting on the top of the geyser. The birds entered, of course, where the pipe opened outside the wall of the house, a sharp turn intervening between the entrance and the lower end. They were heard loudly chattering as they worked, only the thickness of the pipe hiding them from view. When the gas was lighted they hurried away, returning as soon as the heat and fumes had escaped. This continued till the pipe was so blocked that the fumes could only escape into the room, and the lady of the house was reluctantly obliged to have the nest, which was quite perfect, removed and a cap put on the outer end of the pipe.—FLORENCE RATLIFF.

## INSTINCTIVE ENMITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a tame big black-backed gull, two years old, attacking a fox's mask. I brought the mask home the other morning, and



## SLAYING THE SLAIN.

directly the gull saw it, it "made for it," and when I threw it on the ground it pecked it with great force, seized it and pulled it about and put up its wings in its rage, even joining in with the terriers when they came out. I suppose it realised it was an enemy, although it had never seen one.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

## THE LENGTH OF TIME CONES REMAIN ON THEIR STEMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sometimes people living near the coast are puzzled to see cones of apparently great age hanging from the branches of certain pine trees, and it may interest your readers to see the enclosed photograph of a cluster of these cones. The tree on which they occur is known as the Bishop's pine (*Pinus muricata*), and is a native of California, although it flourishes well in certain coast districts in Britain. Its peculiarity is that it retains its cones as long as ever the branch remains healthy or uninjured, and even when the cones have been on the tree for years, if removed they will be found so woody and hard that they can only be broken open by force, and all the time the cone remains on the tree the seeds are tightly imprisoned, so that it is really only by accident that they are ever liberated. The photograph shows a branch three years old with five cones attached. These latter are close upon four inches in length.—BENJAMIN HANLEY.

MONTEREY PINE (*PINUS INSIGNIS*).

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[Mr. Hanley kindly sent us a cone for identification at our request, as the tree appeared to be *Pinus insignis* and not *P. muricata*. Concerning this fruit Mr. Dallimore writes as follows: "The cone sent for identification is *Pinus insignis*, not *P. muricata*. *P. insignis* is known as the Monterey pine, and is a favourite tree for planting in the vicinity of the sea in the warmer counties, but is too tender for cold districts. It is a native of California, and is conspicuous among other pines by reason of its bright green foliage. The cones are distinct on account of their unequal development, one side always being much larger than the reverse. They have the peculiarity of remaining on the tree in an unopen condition for many years, but are not unique in this respect, for others,

notably *P. muricata* and *P. tuberculata*, act in a similar manner. *P. insignis*, when planted under favourable conditions, grows remarkably fast, and the annual rings in the wood are sometimes three-quarters of an inch apart."—Ed.]

## INSUBORDINATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of my donkey in the act of rebellion. He



## A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS.

has the most deeply rooted prejudice against compulsion, and expresses his sentiments with vigour.—F. M.

## THE WART-HOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The wart-hog boar (*Phacochærus africanus*), of whose skull I send a photograph, was shot by my friend, Mr. E. A. Martin, in Southern Nigeria several years ago, and was given by him to me. It appears to me to be a sufficiently remarkable specimen to warrant my placing it on record. The upper tusks are of very unusual dimensions, and the more than complete arch which they form together is exceptional. I have only seen one other example in which the arch was so complete and symmetrical, and that was many years ago, at Mr. Gerrard's establishment in Camden Town; but that specimen lacked the massive proportions of the present example, and was less impressive as a trophy. The head is that of a very old boar, as is evidenced by the total disappearance of the incisor teeth and of all the cheek teeth except the last molars, which are very large. Out of the full set of thirty-four teeth, in fact, only the four tusks and four molars remain, as is usual in old individuals of the species. The dimensions of the upper tusks are as follows: The length, measured along the outside curve from the tip to the point of insertion in the jaw, is 16½ in. and 16½ in. for the left and right tusks respectively. The maximum girth is 5½ in. (left) and 5½ in. (right). These tusks, as seen in the photograph, make a bold sweep upwards, meeting overhead, the tips, which have completely lost their enamel, crossing one another considerably. The surface is scored all over with scratches; but there is no sign of pronounced facets from hard local wear, except, of course, where the lower tusks chafed against their bases. According to Mr. Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game," this specimen should rank third on the list by tusk measurement. I have been unable, without risk of damage, to remove the tusks from the skull so as to ascertain their over-all measurement. The lower or fighting tusks are also unusually fine, being 7½ in. (right) and 6½ in. (left) in length and in fine preservation. The single remaining molar on the right side of the upper jaw measures rather over 3½ in. along the crown, that on the left side a little more than 3 in. The lower molars are not so large. This specimen is considerably finer than any of the Nigerian examples quoted by Mr. Rowland Ward, and it would be of interest to know of other unrecorded examples from the region which may approach or excel my specimen.—HENRY BALFOUR.



## WART-HOG'S SKULL.